

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1888.

No. 860, New Series.

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LITERATURE.

Letters from and to Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. Edited by Alexander Allardyce, with a Memoir by the Rev. W. K. R. Bedford. In 2 vols. (Blackwood.)

FIFTY years ago there were few more individual or better-known figures in the streets of Edinburgh than that of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe—a figure never to be forgotten for its old-world oddity of aspect and attire, its brown "Brutus" wig, its blue frock-coat of long obsolete cut, its "web of white cambric round the neck," its pump-shoes disclosing silk stockings and tied with ample ribbons, and its voluminous, green, crozier-headed umbrella. To those who were admitted to his acquaintance, and permitted to visit him amid the strangely varied collection of books, pictures, and antiquities of all sorts with which, in the course of a long and leisurely life, he had surrounded himself, Mr. Sharpe was known as the very type and ideal of an antiquary of the old school. The race is now extinct. The antiquary of the past has been succeeded by the archaeologist of our own day, who is strictly scientific in the methods and objects of his research, who traces in a spirit of cold and severe accuracy the growth of customs and habits, whose mind has become—as Darwin said, rather sadly, that his own had—"a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts." But the antiquary, the collector, of a former generation approached his subject in another spirit—a spirit more poetic, more ardently personal. To him the past was dear in itself, and for its own sake; not merely because it was the preface and prologue of the present. Not the general history of the race, not the main current of things, was what fascinated him. It was in the units of the past, its individual personalities, that he was interested; and he collected with the view of bringing himself close to these, treasuring personal relics that had been identified with historical personages—their books, their handwriting, best of all their portraits, anything that their hands had touched and that had formed part of their *entourage*—by means of which his own imagination might be stimulated to conceive of them more vividly, to recreate them more palpably before his mental eye. What a marvellous gathering of such things—articles of antique attire, weapons, painted glass, manuscripts, pictures and prints (including such strange items as "Flora MacDonald's Teapot used by Prince Charles"—"with attestation"; "Hair of Charles the First in a Locket"; "Fragment of the Skull of William, first Duke of Queensberry"; and "Grierson of Lag's House Clock")—Sharpe had been able to bring together was disclosed to the public at the fourteen-days' sale of his

collection at Tait & Nisbet's, Edinburgh, after his death in 1851.

A diligent student all his life, he has left comparatively few volumes to attest the fact; for his pen was never quickened by necessity, and he had a princely scorn for the public, a rooted objection to the production of anything that was merely popular. While still at college he contributed to the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*; and in 1807 he published at Oxford a volume of original *Metrical Legends and other Poems*, which contains some spirited passages. His antiquarian works, his *Household Book of the Countess of Mar*, his editions of Law's *Memorials*, of Kirkton's *Secret and True History*, of Lord Kelly's *Minuets and Songs*, and of the *Conversion of Jane Livingstone, Lady Waristoun*, are still in request with the learned and the curious. In recent years two new editions of his *Ballad Book*, originally printed in 1824 in an edition of thirty copies, have appeared. In 1869 Messrs. Blackwood published a charming quarto of his "Etchings," including also his poems and prose fragments. Dr. Daniel Wilson, in his *Reminiscences of Old Edinburgh*, and Dr. Hill Burton, under the title of "Fitzpatrick Smart," in his *Book Hunter*, have preserved vivid, if a little overdrawn, sketches of his personality and peculiarities. And now we have these two portly volumes of correspondence, from which we can glean a very accurate idea of the quaint old antiquary's personality, as he lived and moved about among his friends.

Born at Hoddam Castle, Dumfrieshire, on May 15, 1781, the third son of Charles Sharpe, of Hoddam, by Eleanora, youngest daughter of John Renton, of Lammerton, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe claimed kinship with some of the best families of Scotland. The beautiful Susanna, Countess of Eglintoun, celebrated by Ramsay and by Hamilton of Bangour, was his mother's grandmother; and on his father's side he traced descent from the royal house of Stuart, through Lady Marie Stuart, Countess of Mar, and her father, Esme, first Duke of Lennox. He was always proud of his aristocratic connexions; and to the end his chosen studies were genealogical, and his favourite pastime the annotation, in a singularly caustic fashion, of his copy of Douglas's *Scottish Peerage*. In 1796 he matriculated in the University of Edinburgh, and in November, 1798, he passed to Christ Church, Oxford.

The earlier letters of the present volumes deal with the period of his residence at Oxford, and are written, in a most affectionate strain, though with a freedom of expression and reference that is a little startling, to his mother. He describes his reception by Cyril Jackson, the stately head of his college, and characterises his companions in that pungent style which was his habit, and which gives a certain vividness to his briefest notes, the "Irish Christ Churchians" being his prime abhorrence. His leisure he devoted to music and to drawing, which in his later years he turned to excellent account in book-illustrations and in infinitely humorous figure-subjects. He mixed, too, freely in fashionable circles, the Margravine of Ansbach and her son, Keppel Craven, author of a *Tour through the Southern Provinces of the Kingdom of*

Naples, being his especial friends, and figuring prominently in his correspondence. Surtees of Mainsforth, the antiquary, was his companion at Christ Church; and it was also during college days that he made the acquaintance of Earl Gower, afterwards Duke of Sutherland, with whom, and with his Duchess, he was afterwards in constant communication.

It was in 1802 that Sharpe first corresponded with Scott, sending him "The Twa Corbies" and the "Douglas Tragedy" for the *Minstrelsy*. In the following year the poet visited him at Oxford; but the first impression that he produced upon the fastidious Sharpe was hardly a favourable one. He writes to his mother:

"The Borden Minstrel paid me a visit some time since on his way to town, and I very courteously invited him to breakfast. He is dreadfully lame, and much too poetical. He spouts without mercy, and pays one compliment so high-flown that my self-conceit, though a tolerably good shot, could not even wing one of them; but he told me that he intended to present me with the new edition of his book, and I found some comfort in that. He also invited me to his cottage in Scotland, and I promised him a visit with the same sincerity I practice in the affair of Mr. Yorkston's dinners. I do think a little fib of this kind is a very venial sin; only, when the ice is once broken, people very often sink with a vengeance."

A further acquaintance disclosed much that was mutually attractive; the pair became close allies in their antiquarian researches, and their voluminous correspondence forms a main attraction of the present volumes. Scott, in his diary, styles Sharpe "a very remarkable man," who in "his oddities, tastes, satire, and high aristocratic feelings resembles Horace Walpole"; and he, for his part, as an orthodox antiquary, had his own private and peculiar opinion of

"Sir Walter's harmless romances—not harmless, however, as to bad English—they contain nothing; pictures of manners they never were, are, or will be, besides ten thousand blunders as to chronology, costume, &c., &c., which must mislead the million who admire such captivating comfits!"

In his later days Sharpe was a more cautious and sparing correspondent. The unwarrantable publication by Lady Charlotte Bury, in her *Times of George IV.*, of certain of his familiar epistles, plentifully flavoured with that "gall of bitterness" upon which one of his early friends remarks, gave him as he said, "a hydrophobia as to ink"; and he even destroyed such of his letters as he could lay hands upon. Still we have record of his correspondence with J. G. Lockhart, busied over his memoir of Scott; with Allan Cunningham, seeking annotations for his volumes of Scottish song, and planning a series of *Lives of the Poets*; with Hill Burton, who begs to introduce Mrs. Jameson to his artistic treasures; with James Maidment seeking illustrations for his "Pasquils"; and with Robert Chambers, whom he liberally aided, when, as a youth of twenty, he was at work upon his delightful *Traditions of Edinburgh*.

It is impossible in a few lines to afford an idea of the richly varied matter that is to be found in these volumes—the glimpses of the fashionable world and notable personages of

the early part of the century, the quaint anecdotes, the curious genealogical jottings, the notes on historical portraits and ancient folios—the whole given, always at least when the letter is from Sharpe's own pen, in a style characterised by the crispest and most pungent wit.

The book has been carefully edited by Mr. Allardyce. His selection of the letters seems to be judicious, and his notes are distinctly helpful and elucidatory. The memoir, by the Rev. Mr. Bedford, is adapted, with some changes, from that which was prefixed to the quarto of "Etchings," published in 1869.

Two portraits of Mr. Sharpe form the frontispieces of the volumes—one from his own sketch, a coloured full-length, in his student's gown; the second showing him in later life—from a painting by Thomas Fraser, as should have been stated. The other plates have been selected rather with a view of giving portraits of the antiquary's correspondents than of presenting the best attainable examples of his artistic skill; and the likenesses of his venerated and beautiful mother, the Margravine of Ansprach, Lord Gower, the Hon. Keppel Craven, and Miss Campbell of Monzie, give an added interest to the pages of their letters. Mr. Bedford undoubtedly over-estimates his uncle's powers as a draftsman; and it is quite misleading to say that "he sketched in masterly style." Though, as we are informed by Dr. Daniel Wilson, he studied drawing under David Martin, the favourite pupil of Allan Ramsay, he was never a master or anything approaching one; never more than a clever amateur. But he was an amateur who often contrived to infuse into his work, amid all its uncouth mannerisms and crudities, a certain expressional power, who did manage really to express through his lines the quaint fancies with which his brain overflowed. He is seen at his best in that quarto of 1869 which is mainly devoted to his artistic work. His most graceful sketch is that illustrating "The Lover's Message" of the Earl of Kellie; the most irresistible touch of humour that his pencil has given us is in the figure seated in such gruesome company in that design to Hogg's "Witch of Fife," when

"The warlock men and the weird wemyng,
And the fays of the wood and the steep,
And the phantom huntress all war there,
And the mermaidis of the deip,"

twirling his thumbs with smile of sweetest content, undismayed by the utmost efforts of the demon tormentors that surround him.

J. M. GRAY.

Imaginary Sonnets. By Eugene Lee Hamilton. (Elliot Stock.)

THE brief paragraph which Mr. Hamilton has put at the beginning of his book efficiently explains its scope:

"In the imaginary utterances to which he has given sonnet-form, the author has not attempted to imitate either the style or the language of the time to which his respective historical or legendary figures belong. The style is his own, and the language is that of his own day. He has borrowed from the Past only a number of psychological and dramatic situations which have afforded him an opportunity of passing his hand over the great key-

board of human passion, good and evil. And if in this *Masque of Sonnets* the dark and stormier passions play too prominent a part, it is not his fault, but that of the dark and stormy centuries themselves."

The task is manifestly a far more difficult one than that which Landor set himself in the *Imaginary Conversations*. For, in composing those, he could be as wide, as various in his phrase, as it pleased him. He felt none of the trammels which speech by metre imposes; neither had he need to deal with one character only, nor to make it utter something passionate and beautiful and moving in fourteen rhymed lines. But that is what Mr. Lee-Hamilton essays to do. He seeks to show us personages famous either in history or in legend, to take them in a supreme moment, when on the crest of some wave of emotion, and then to make them speak passionately in their own voice. So far as success can reward so bold an attempt, he gets a fair share of it. Yet *Monotony*, baneful spectre, rises up before us ere we can reach the last page of his book. A sense of sameness is begotten by these hundred monologues of dead celebrities, all eloquent in sonnets, all playing upon one pipe.

There is much, however, to make this volume commendable. Force of phrase, picturesqueness, truth of colour—these were the qualities that at once marked off the writer's previous work from that of the crowd. And again they appear in these sonnets to convince us that he will do finer things. He should beware of a proneness to be over-sanguinary, over-ghastly. Then, we do not like in a sonnet to have such abridgments as "I'll," "I've," "thou'l," "howl'dst," "can't." And it jars upon our sense of poetic fitness to hear *Manfred* of *Benevento* speak of "that blood-red pill, the sun"; to hear the *Duke of Milan* say that "unseen daggers tickle"; to think that *Saint Theresa* can liken angels' faces to "bubbles winking in a golden tide"; or to believe that *Domingo Lopez* would have exclaimed:

"Has any painter ever dared to screw
A living model to the Cross, or tried
To seize the wriggles of the Crucified?"

Just one false word is always enough to mar a fine sonnet. Take, for instance, the lines that Mr. Hamilton puts into the mouth of the *Duchess Salviati*, when menacing *Caterina Canacci*:

"And so his Grace my husband loves to pass
Hours at thy feet, and, when thy hair's un-
rolled,
He dips his fingers in the brook of gold
Which trickles down thy shoulders, my sweet
lass?"

"Lass" strikes a Scotch or an Old-English note. It is out of place here. We think of *Burns*, or of "lasses and lads" in good king Charles's days. It is as if the poet had chosen it just to help his rhyme. The same blemish is to be detected in the otherwise fine sonnet of *Denis Browne's* to *Mary Holt*, of which we quote the first four lines:

"Now winter traverses the woodlands, love,
And strews his crimson berries on the snow;
The dormouse sleeps, and every wind-puff
now
Gives, as it goes, the dying year a show."

But, if we end our fault-finding here, let us at least end it with a piece in Mr. Hamilton's best manner, a sample of his

vigour and truth of touch, albeit the lines convict Keats of a mistake. *Balboa*, not *Cortez*, was the real discoverer of the Pacific. No matter: the error has given us two noble sonnets instead of one.

"BALBOA TO THE PACIFIC.

"I saw thee, like a strip of cloth of gold,
From the hill-crest last eve, at set of sun,
Thou new-found ocean, skinned as yet by
none,
Save Indian light canoes; and I behold
Thy bright waves now, in wreaths of foam un-
rolled,
Kissing my feet like panting slaves that run
Eager to lay their treasures one by one
At feet of Spain, whose banner I unfold.

Nereids and mermen, tritons of this sea,
I claim you for Don Ferdinand, and bid
Your scaly legions swear him fealty.
The gold, the pearls, the emeralds that are hid
In all your isles and caves are his; and he
Alone may force the treasure's crystal lid."

Another sonnet which ranks with the best in the book is the one addressed by *Lady Jane Grey* to the flowers and birds. We must give this a place here also:

"To-morrow death: and there are woods hard by,
With restless spots of sunshine on the ground,
With bees that hum and birds that pipe all
round,
And beds of moss where sparkling dewdrops lie;
To-morrow death; and there are fields of rye,
Where poppies and bright corn-flowers
abound;
And there are fragrant grasses where the
sound
Of streamlets rises, where the mowers ply.
I wonder if the woodland bells will close
A little earlier on the day I end,
Tired of the light, though free from human
woes;
And if the robin and the thrush will wend
A little sooner to their sweet repose,
To make a little mourning for their friend?"

Such of us as in these days of vellum-bound vanities watch for what is noteworthy in latter-day poetry will surely not miss this strong little book. To the question whether the sonnet is particularly well-adapted for a dramatic apostrophe, for the declaration of passion at white heat, we do not think it gives us a satisfactory answer. But to the question whether Mr. Hamilton is a poet, and a poet from whom we have a right to expect much, undoubtedly it returns us a very confident reply.

PERCY E. PINKERTON.

"Historic Towns."—*Cinque Ports.* By Montagu Burrows. (Longmans.)

It is a matter of surprise that so interesting a subject as the history of the *Cinque Ports* should have been left so long untouched. It is not a matter of regret, for there are sources of information now open to the writer which hitherto were closed, and Prof. Burrows has shown himself to be the proper person to undertake the work. For the professor, besides being a scholar and an antiquary, is also a naval officer—a fact of no small importance when it is borne in mind that the "Royal Navy of the *Cinque Ports*" was for a considerable period the Royal Navy of England. He possesses, therefore, unique qualifications for the post of historian; and the interest which he displays in his treatment of the subject can scarcely fail to communicate itself to those who take his little book in hand. No doubt Lord Macaulay's average school boy

would be able to repeat without hesitation the names of the Cinque Ports and the two ancient towns which, soon after the Norman Conquest, were joined with them. But the "general reader" may be pardoned if he shall have forgotten that the confederation embraced at the outset the ports of Hastings, Sandwich, Dover, Romney, and Hythe, and that the later additions were Winchelsea and Rye. Linked with the seven head ports were certain "members" or "limbs," which were from time to time brought into corporate or non-corporate union with them. Of these the most influential were Seaford, Pevensey, Deal, Faversham, Ramsgate, and Margate.

Of course, the circumstance out of which the importance of these places grew was their situation, whether regarded from a commercial or military point of view. The ships which they alike provided and sheltered could command the narrow seas and regulate the coasting trade. They were a defence to the island at its most vulnerable point, and they kept open that intercourse between it and the continent which was essential to the wealth and progress of Britain. But physical changes took place even at an early date, which affected first one and then another of the Cinque Ports by destroying their harbours. Monarchs, intent on selfish schemes, neglected the defence of the coast and invited the foreigner to burn and pillage the once thriving littoral settlements. Lastly, commerce found new and more convenient avenues of approach as trade sprung up between England and countries unknown in earlier times.

"As a living specimen of the ancient confederation in its declining period, Sandwich stands unrivalled, or only rivalled by Rye. The present Hastings is modern. Dover possesses a few objects of interest in the midst of a modern town. Hythe has all but lost the character of antiquity; nor is Romney, though more rural and retired than Hythe, very unlike any other small country town. Winchelsea, the delight of artists, is to everyone else a melancholy wreck. Sandwich and Rye alone, when deserted by the sea, have been saved by their rivers, but for nothing better than a feeble and attenuated thread of life. Both alike wear an air of patient and touching acquiescence in the fate which time has had in store for them."

The case of Sandwich is specially interesting, not only because the port has sunk lowest from having been once highest, but because its decline is clearly attributable to that remarkable change in the physical features of the channel coast which rendered the Isle of Thanet no longer insular. There was a time when the most convenient as well as the safest approach to London from the Channel was by the River Wantsum. It entered the Thames at Regulbium (Reculver) and the Channel at Rutupiae (Richborough), and was the favourite highway for shipping. Gradually, however, and even before the departure of the Romans, the waters of the Wantsum shrank—the stream became useless and its very name perished. Richborough waned with the waning waters; and Sandwich, which was then at the mouth of the Stour, took its place. But, in its turn, the Stour became choked and diverted from its former course; and now the bay of Sandwich with its miles of dreary waste cuts off from the sea the Cinque Port which once made its mark—and

that no insignificant one—in the history of England.

There is not a dull page in this little book. We may almost add that there is not a page from which the reader will not be able to gain fresh insight into the history of a most interesting past.

CHARLES J. ROBINSON.

"Eminent Women Series."—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*. By John H. Ingram. (W. H. Allen.)

This book is certainly somewhat disappointing; but disappointment may be expressed either in a reasonable or in an unreasonable way. If any critic says in a complaining tone that the narrative is exceedingly thin, his statement is just, but his complaint is unjust, so far at any rate as Mr. Ingram is the object of it. The writer of a volume in a "series," where uniformity of size is enforced by commercial rather than literary considerations, is placed in a Procrustean bed which is chosen for him, not by him; and if, therefore, he does not cut a very graceful figure, he can hardly be held responsible for the gracelessness. When, for example, some 200 pages are allotted to a life so rich in events as that of Madame Roland, and exactly the same space is compulsorily devoted to a life so poor in events as that of Mrs. Browning, it is clear that one book or the other must suffer either from awkward compression or from undue expansion of narrative.

Then, too, in this case, Mr. Ingram has had to contend with special difficulties, which he judiciously refrains from mentioning himself, but which in simple justice ought to be mentioned for him by his critics. As this is the first elaborate biography of Mrs. Browning which has been published, its author has had to rely largely on personal information. I express no opinion on the merits of the recent controversy between Mr. Browning and Mr. Ingram. But it has plainly had the unfortunate result of depriving the latter of much information—doubtless of a very interesting character—concerning the later years of Mrs. Browning's life which Mr. Browning, and he alone, could communicate; and though, indeed, Mr. Ingram has had such assistance indirectly through the medium of Mrs. Richmond Ritchie's admirable article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, it is obvious that information which may give substance to a brief sketch will not perform the same office for a volume. Mr. Ingram has, therefore, been compelled to fall back upon authorities who provide records of impressions rather than of facts; and, while we admit the pleasantness of the records, we cannot but feel that they are a little unsubstantial. So far as the story he has to tell is concerned, I am inclined to think that Mr. Ingram is to be congratulated upon his success in collecting all available materials; and it is quite possible that nothing of real importance is left untold.

Where in a "series" biography facts fail to fill the given number of pages, no one blames the biographer for padding his book with literary comment, analysis, or criticism; indeed, even when facts are plentiful, a reasonable amount of this purely literary material is expected by the reader, and is not, therefore,

padding in any fair sense of the word. All that needs to be asked is whether the material is, in the first place, well chosen, and, in the second place, well treated; and, unfortunately, if this question be put with regard to Mr. Ingram's work, it cannot be answered in the affirmative. To the copious quotations from Mrs. Browning's letters no valid objection can be raised. These letters, being scattered through a number of books, are more or less difficult of access; and I think I am correct in saying that the two exceedingly interesting volumes containing her letters to Mr. R. H. Horne, the author of *Orion*, have been for some years out of print. In this correspondence Mrs. Browning expounds very fully her somewhat peculiar views upon rhyme and rhythm. And, instead of quarreling with Mr. Ingram for the quotations he gives us we should have been glad of more, for the subject is attractive to all students of poetical technique; and, for the reason just mentioned, the book from which the quotations are taken is not easily procurable. While, however, Mr. Ingram refrains from reproducing material which would probably have been new to the majority of his readers and interesting to all of them, he devotes literary acres of space to flat paraphrases of, and wearisomely long quotations from, Mrs. Browning's most familiar and hackneyed poems. No fewer than three pages of description, interlarded with the inevitable extracts, are devoted to "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," which is known to everybody—even to people who know nothing else that Mrs. Browning has written; and this is but one example of Mr. Ingram's method of book-making, a method which seems the result of a most curious deficiency in the sense of proportion.

Of the criticism in this volume I have no desire to speak unkindly, but I am bound to speak truthfully; and the truth is that much of it is absolutely worthless. Mr. Ingram makes the most extraordinary mistakes even with regard to matters of fact. Concerning "The Lay of the Brown Rosary" (not "Rosarie," as he spells it), we are told that it

"is replete with scintillations of true poetic fervour; it is styled a ballad, but it is of a purer tone and a more etherealised spirit than is generally prevalent in ballad poesy, ancient or modern. In its circumscribed space the story is complete; and though undisfigured by the 'moral' so frequently, and needlessly dragged in by Miss Barrett, is through all its dramatic course illuminated by an under-glow of suggested meaning."

Now what are we to make of this passage? I do not refer to the first sentence about the "purer tone and more etherealised spirit," though it seems unintelligible enough, but to the second sentence about "the moral." Whether "The Lay of the Brown Rosary" is "disfigured" by a moral is a moot point upon which I am not called to pass judgment; but that a moral is more plainly in evidence in this poem than in any other of Mrs. Browning's ballads is a simple fact which any reader can verify for himself. A moral I take to be the expression in set, didactic form of the ethical lesson to be derived from the narrative to which it is appended; and how otherwise than as a moral are we to describe the passage beginning with the words, "She

spoke with passion after pause," and ending with the following lines?

"Then breaking into tears—'Dear God,' she cried, 'and must we see All blissful things depart from us or ere we go to THEE? We cannot guess Thee in the wood or hear Thee in the wind? Our cedars must fall round us ere we see the light behind? Ay, sooth, we feel too strong in weal to need Thee on that road, But woe being come, the soul is dumb that crieth not of God.'

Even more astounding than the denial of a moral to "The Lay of the Brown Rosary" is the statement that the plot of "Aurora Leigh" is "evidently founded, though perhaps unconsciously, upon Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*." It is true that in both books there is a fire which destroys the sight of the hero; but as, apart from this, there is not the faintest resemblance between either the characters or the incidents in the novel and the poem, Mr. Ingram's parallel only reminds one of a still more celebrated comparison: "There is a river in Macedon; and there is also, moreover, a river at Monmouth . . . and there is salmon in both." In the present case the rivers are represented by the fire, the salmon by the blindness, and our literary Fluellen has only to add *quod erat demonstrandum*.

When Mr. Ingram is not paradoxical he is apt to fall into the opposite error of triteness. It is not possible that the most juvenile student of this work can feel that an addition has been made to his knowledge when he has learned that the story told in "The Rhyme of the Duchess May" is "improbable" or that the imperfections of "Aurora Leigh" "are either wilfully introduced by the poetess, or they are the result of hasty execution." Even in Shakspeare I can find nothing to set beside this last solemn judgment. It is only to be matched by the cracular utterance of Mrs. Micawber at the time of a domestic crisis: "We must live, Mr. Copperfield; for, as I always say, if we don't live we shall die."

Mr. Ingram's style is deplorably slipshod. There are far too many sentences as inelegant as the sentence in which, *à propos* of the church scene in "Aurora Leigh," he remarks "nor could English gentlemen and gentle-women have acted as Mrs. Browning makes her *dramatis personae* do"; though even this is outdone by the following passage in which I do not know whether the criticism or the English be the more astonishing:

"The sonnet, a condensed and artificial form of poesy almost outside the fluent muse of Elizabeth Barrett, had several pages devoted to it, but their merits were less conspicuous, although studded with beauties, than was usual with her work."

It would surely be difficult deliberately to construct a sentence as brief as this which should be so rich in exemplifications of literary vices. It contains not a single clause that does not provide an example of some defect of style.

Nor are instances of carelessness of other kinds wanting in these pages. Mr. Ingram quotes from an article in *Macmillan's Magazine* signed "E. D." which he attributes—with, I admit, a saving note of interrogation—to Prof. E. Dowden. But what need for even the hypothetical introduction of Prof.

Dowden's name when Mr. Ingram might easily have informed himself that the article was written by Mr. Edward Dicey, who was, some years ago, a frequent contributor to *Macmillan*? Even without such inquiry a little mother-wit might have suggested that the article, which deals mainly with Mrs. Browning's opinions on Italian politics, was more likely to be from the pen of the biographer of Cavour than to be the work of a writer who has never, so far as I know, strayed from the domain of pure literature.

I am afraid Mr. Ingram will think that I have sought diligently to find flaws in his book, and that, having found them, I have made them unfairly prominent. Into the latter fault I may have been unwittingly betrayed, but of the former I am certainly not guilty. I have in past years publicly expressed my admiration for his excellent edition of the works of Edgar Poe and for his sympathetic memoir of Oliver Madox Brown. His editorship of the series to which this work belongs has been characterised by judgment and discrimination, and I looked forward to the appearance of this biography with expectations of great pleasure. I confess I have been disappointed, but I should be sorry to think that my disappointment had made me unjust. Mr. Ingram's book contains much that is interesting, and it is, therefore, worth reading; but it would have been much better worth reading had it been free from the glaring faults of arrangement and execution to which I have felt it a literary duty to call attention.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

Irish Pictures drawn with Pen and Pencil.

By R. Lovett. (Religious Tract Society.) Few who have not been drawn into the whirl of Irish politics can measure the relief with which one takes up a book about Ireland that is, in fact as well as in intent, non-political. This is why I have enjoyed reading Mr. Lovett's letterpress even more than studying his illustrations. He carefully eschews controversy; he disowns any party bias; he scarcely touches on one of Ireland's many burning questions. He proves, in fact, that a man can heartily admire and appreciatively describe Sliebh League and the Rock of Cashel without taking up the cudgels either for Mr. Dillon or for Mr. Balfour.

Starting to write a book on Irish scenery and antiquities which should give as much information as possible, not to artists and scholars but to readers of all sorts—a book, in fact, which should help to make some parts of Ireland as popular as are some parts of the Scotch Highlands—he holds to his purpose with commendable tenacity, resisting all temptations to moralise, and very seldom even indicating a comparison between Ireland as she is and as she might be.

When I read (p. 132), in the lovingly careful account of the Great Skellig Monastery—

"We might not be able to use these men's forms of prayer, we may differ altogether from their conception of life, . . . but we recognise that here men sought the great Father in heaven, . . . that in these rude stone cells men, our brothers, felt the power of the Spirit of God to cleanse, to inspire, to recreate, to exalt"—

I am thankful for a catholicity of expression

only too rare in all the churches. Very neat, too, are Mr. Lovett's concessions to the inevitable. Thus of Derry he says: "Powerful religious forces act and react upon its 30,000 inhabitants"; and then, just mentioning the siege, he sends his readers to Macaulay and Dr. Witherow. Under the head of Belfast he gives the statistics of the three chief religious bodies (he might have added the Wesleyans), and, departing for an instant from his strict reserve, he prophesies "still greater prosperity" for the Presbyterians. Belfast, he tells us, "is the centre of a strong religious and philanthropic life." This judicious reticence reminds me of the Austrian military governor, who, when I insisted, in my hot youth, on being "inscribed" as an Irishman, quietly remarked: "Mein junger Freund; Ireland ist sehr merkwürdig in die Geschichte." I must, however, protest against the picture of a Kerry pig sitting where it ought not, and where, during a recent and somewhat thorough exploration of some of the wildest parts of that county, I never saw it. But this is Mr. Whymper's affair. He doubtless saw what he has sketched (as admirably as he has the Skelligs' gannet, p. 126). I have seen pigs in the parlour in North Devon and in South Wales, but that was more than thirty years ago. No one should try to establish an universal negative; all I ask is that in future editions (may they be many!) this portrait of "the lady who pays the rent" should be labelled "rare" or "unusual."

I have praised Mr. Lovett's skill in tripping gingly over *ignes suppositos cineri doloso*. Thus of Raleigh he says: "He was present at the capture of Smerwick in 1579"—that is all. Indeed, possibly his anxiety not to have to say anything about Fort del Ore kept him out of the Dingle peninsula, to my mind the sweetest part of all Kerry, far above Valentia and its neighbourhood. But then I saw it with Sibyl Head and the Blaskets and the whole glorious coast line bathed in the sun, which oftener in Kerry than elsewhere makes "the little All Saints' Summer" a reality; and I had, too, the delight (in which Mr. Lovett does not share; he thinks the Irish a harsh tongue) of coming upon a village—Ballyferriter—where no one but a girl of twelve could speak a word of English.

Mr. Lovett does not withhold a much-needed warning against over-praise, or rather, against bombastic generalities. Perhaps one cannot overpraise Glengariff or Gougane Barra—or their kind (a very good kind) they are perfect. But Killarney has suffered from indiscriminate flattery; and so, as Mr. Lovett says, have parts of Connemara, though it would be hard to say too much for Kylemore, which years ago ought to have been, and might have been, the Irish Balmoral. He is no niggard of his praise, however; and reading his text and studying the reproductions of Lawrence of Dublin's excellent photographs, one sadly reflects how much there is to see and how few Irishmen, not to speak of Englishmen, have seen the quarter of it.

Besides his fairness, I admire Mr. Lovett's discrimination. Accurate in small things (as when he notes that the *réuevos* enclosing Cormac's chapel and the other ruins is *the Cashel*; and when, unlike the railway people,

he spells Sabina's stone fort Cahirsiveen) he is equally quick at discerning the best points of landscape. I was delighted when I found that of all Irish coast scenery he gives the palm to Sliebh League, accompanying his praise with a necessary protest against that "rushing" of mountain scenery which is sure to bring disappointment. He is well up in the best books—e.g., Lord Dunraven's and Miss Stokes's, and the Ulster *Journal of Archaeology*—and also the newest, among them, Mr. Whitley Stokes's *Tripartite Life*; and his chapter on the Royal Irish Academy Museum which, for absence of bewilderment and oneness of purpose, he compares with the Copenhagen Museum, is admirable and admirably illustrated. No one can read it without getting a clear notion of early Irish art, and, I think, wishing to know more about it. Also when describing the huge barrows at New Grange, he impresses on us the strangely continuous life of that earliest race which looked for counsel in danger and for comfort under trouble to *Ængus* of the Brugh and the other forefathers, buried but still conscious.

Industries do not come into his plan, though Olympia may have suggested the publication of the book at this time. To the Belleek pottery he gives due praise, though seemingly unaware of its recent revival. At Blarney he barely mentions Mahony's tweed mills, so much of the output of which is taken by Ingen of New York. Navan he rightly names as the centre of a most interesting district, including Tara Hill, and Trim, and Bective Abbey; but he says nothing of Clayton's mills, whence and from O'Brien's, of Cork, &c., Mr. M. Davitt gets the special tweeds for his American Irish Woollen Company. He does not name Baltimore or the Baroness Burdett Coutts's loan-work, or Mr. Phillips's almost equally interesting mackerel curing at Schull and Berehaven. Kilkenny Castle, too, should, I think, have a place among "Irish Pictures." It is so neat and complete—something that, like Clare College, Cambridge, you think you can roll up and carry away with you.

Tourists are a race *moutonnière*, and if Mr. Lovett can entice over a few of the bell-wethers the flock will follow. English visitors to Ireland are desirable from every point of view, not least because (as a priest said last winter) "they are angels of peace," and are sure to bring goodwill and to take back a blessing.

HENRY STUART FAGAN.

NEW NOVELS.

The Weaker Vessel. By D. Christie Murray. In 3 vols. (Macmillan.)

From Moor Isles. By Jessie Fothergill. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Fire. By Alice Mangold Diehl. In 2 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

A Strange Manuscript found in a Copper Cylinder. (Chatto & Windus.)

Nigel Fortescue. By William Westall. (Ward & Downey.)

Tribute to Satan. By J. Belford Dayne. (Blackwood.)

Oak-Bough and Wattle-Blossom: Australian Stories. (Walter Scott.)

The Chaplain's Secret. By Leon de Tineau. (Vizetelly.)

One trait of Mr. Christie Murray as a writer cannot but appeal to all readers of his books—his sterling manliness. It may be, it very probably is, the case that a nature so robustly downright as to resent any manifestation of sham is not the most suitable for a writer of novels any more than for a diplomatist; for he who becomes adamantine in face of pretence, whether conscious or otherwise, is not the man to perceive the superficiality of most deceptions, the physical bases of moral weakness, or the essential usefulness of compromise, in the evolution of social life. Something of this impatience, this scorn of moral poverty as of something dishonourable, has prevented Mr. Murray from being as just to those every-day sinners, with whom he has nothing in common, as to the good and wicked personages of his tales, whose acts are the adequate measure of their intentions, who practise virtue or villainy in straightforward fashion. He has hitherto shown little sympathy with the most common type of humanity of all times, the individual who honestly believes himself free from inherent evil, and considers his peccadilloes as fully as much due to circumstances beyond his control as to responsible impulse or volition. Mr. Murray prefers the man who chuckles in his malignity to the transgressor who veils his iniquity under a cloak of sophistications. In this respect he resembles another eminent novelist to whom the complexities of certain phases of individual life are inscrutable mysteries; for, with all his skill in the unravelling of tangled skeins of human purpose and action, Mr. Besant invariably fails in all-comprehensive discernment when he has to deal with natures with whom he has absolutely nothing in common, or whose fads appear to him as the fooliest vagaries. In his clever *Herr Paulus* Mr. Besant gave himself heartily to the delineation of a type of man who is probably familiar to most of us, yet the self-sophisticated Mr. Cyrus Brudenel was a caricature rather than a typical portrait. What brought Cyrus Brudenel to my mind was one of the chief personages in Mr. Christie Murray's story, for to that Grand Duke of spiritualistic London Mr. George Delamere is closely akin. Both are cultivated gentlemen, both are social shams, both are as inherently narrow-natured as in public both are philanthropically expansive. But Mr. Delamere, though his creator—as Heine would say, it is the way of creators—does not quite do him justice, is as unmistakably genuine as Mr. Brudenel is exaggerated; and he is consistent in his inconsistencies from first to last. In *The Weaker Vessel* Mr. Murray displays a sympathetic insight which, to some at least, has not always characterised his writings. He has written nothing so good save *Rainbow Gold*, and in several respects his latest book is superior to that charming story. The plot is not very novel, turning as it does upon an unfortunate marriage and the subsequent plaguing of a good man by a bad woman; and the tale is too long—it would have gained in strength as well as in interest if the absurd three-volume system had permitted. Mr. Murray has never drawn a finer character than Walter Pole; and most of the other

personages of the story are lifelike, and as variously interesting as they are intended to be. Mary Delamere, the heroine, however, fine and true woman as she is, seems to me too shadowy in every way. One does not realise her, does not see her. Her voice is always a vague echo; she is for ever evading a challenge. This is, of course, a fault that is not obviated by ample descriptions of the beautiful and high-minded woman who is so well worthy of Pole's devoted love and of her ultimate happiness after long trial and suffering. The most potent female character in the story is Pole's dissipated and disgraced wife. How the close of her vicious career will affect readers it is difficult to surmise; to the present writer it seems a little theatrical—or, rather, merely bookish, unreal. That, however, is a matter of opinion; and it is quite possible that even a nature so warped and cramped as that of Adelaide might, in the shadow of inevitable death, expand towards genuine love and unselfishness. Dramatically, I cannot but feel that Lady Worbrough should have died more or less as she had lived. The woman who regretted that her husband did not beat her when she first drank to excess was at no time alert to the charming incongruities of sentiment. Another love-episode runs through *The Weaker Vessel* besides that of Walter Pole and Mary Delamere, and altogether the story is one of extreme and continuous interest. It would be worth reading for nothing else than the skilful picture of the great Mr. Delamere and his amusing satellite, Sebastian Dolmer Jones, who also finds his soul's bread in *bric-à-brac*. More than anything of his that I have read, it shows Mr. Christie Murray's aptitude for his vocation—and what more than this need the critic say, or the most exigent author expect?

Felicitous nomenclature is an art in itself. Many a good book has in a few weeks' time known the dust of oblivion simply from the fact that its title held out no promise of entertainment, contained no magical or seductive ring. A very remarkable volume of poetry fell flat a few years ago, solely, no doubt, because it was entitled *Old Spook's Pass*. It is nonsense to assert that what is really excellent necessarily comes to the fore. 'Tis a pleasant superstition, like that which maintains that no man dies ere he has fulfilled all his capacities. Who would dream of buying a volume of verse called *Old Spook's Pass*, by an unknown writer? Similarly, is there anyone who could be deaf to the music of the title of Miss Fothergill's new book? *From Moor Isles*—what haunting charm in these vowelled words! It is perhaps as well that Miss Fothergill should win over the reader ere the latter slowly awakes to the discovery that, notwithstanding its delightful title, this latest book by the author of *Probation* and *The First Violin* is not equal to its predecessors. It is, of course, foolish as well as unjust to be always confronting an author with his or her past productions, and clamouring for absolute equality if not for cumulative excellence; but where the critic is justified in comparisons is when a recent work by an author shows a material falling-off in narrative art from earlier compositions. And inferior as a story *From Moor Isles* certainly is when compared with

Miss Fothergill's two best-known novels. Its plot is inconsequent, its evolution too laboured and desultory, its narrative too diffuse. Yet it is not paradoxical to assert that it is an interesting and, in many respects, excellent novel. The descriptive portions are, it goes without saying, noteworthy for their truth and beauty; and most of the personages are interesting. The double plot is, however, an artistic error. The reader has, as it were, to peruse two books at once. His interest has to be divided between the fortunes of Brian Holgate, Alice Ormerod, and Lucy Barraclough on the one part, and those of Felix Arkwright and Inez Grey on the other. The dovetailing is too abrupt; the necessary mental adjustment of the focus too absolute. The first volume is much the best, though the interest is really maintained throughout the book; and one cannot but wonder what prompted Miss Fothergill to concern herself with other people than those of the sphere to which the nominal hero belongs. This hero, Brian Holgate, is a well-meaning young man of exceptional musical talent, but weak and foolish to an exasperating degree. Alice Ormerod, on the other hand, is one of the finest characters ever drawn by the author: nobly upright, self-controlled, unselfish, loyal beyond words, a very tower of strength to such a weakling as her unworthy lover, whose subjection to the coarse nature of Lucy Barraclough is the cause of his material ruin and of his stunted spiritual development in later life. It is the old story of a good and an evil woman playing for a man's salvation, and of man's inveterate tendency to be blind to the heroism of true love and to prefer the unworthy to the worthy. No novelist can write about music and moorlands with more attractiveness than Miss Fothergill; but is not the musician becoming too much of a stock-personage in her novels? In these one may calculate upon a violinist almost as assuredly as upon the "solitary horseman wending his way" in the first chapter of G. P. R. James's romances.

Fire is a badly constructed, meandering, yet withal pathetic story of love's misadventure, and of the resignation and sufferings of a good man and a loving girl. If there is nothing distinctive or even exceptionally attractive in the narrative as a whole, there are some vivid episodes in it; that of the immurement of John Holmes and Nan in the fireproof library of the burning priory is dramatic, though it would be too much to say that it is powerfully so. The author's knowledge of human nature is considerable. It should have saved her from the unreality of the heroine's death from a broken heart after years of contentment, if not of happiness.

The fantastic romance, *A Strange Manuscript found in a Copper Cylinder*, by an anonymous American writer, has been so well received that a small counterblast will do it no harm. It is a story of strange adventure and stranger discovery in the regions of the Antarctic. What is best in the book can hardly be considered original; its fantastic unreality is all its own. In its initial stages it very markedly derives from the far more powerful narrative of Poe's *Arthur Gordon Pym*, while in its ethnological and ethical disquisitions it is not to be compared with the clever work which

has evidently in part inspired it—Mr. S. Butler's *Erewhon*. If one had never read *Erewhon*, it would be difficult not to be amused by and interested in the ironical reversal of our own social ideals, as set forth in the *Strange Manuscript*; nor would it be just to the author not to indicate that, withal, it is both interesting and able. The gilt, however, has been rubbed off the gingerbread for those who know the earlier and still more able productions. Strangers to the latter, and boys hungry for new excitements in romance, will enjoy perusal of a clever and entertaining, if a too markedly derivative and badly constructed, book. The narrative is embedded in a wearisome explanatory setting, the introductory portion of which is all very well, though the later interludes are as unnecessary as they are dull.

Nigel Fortescue, having finished his career as "A Hunted Man" in the columns of *Young Folks Paper*, now appears under his own name. This "Andean Romance," as the author sub-titles it, is much the best story of adventure which Mr. Westall has written. It has that winning air of reality which *The Phantom City*, and, still more, *A Queer Race*, lacked. As rule, a story set forth within another account is not so interesting as one without such encumbrance; but, in the instance of *Nigel Fortescue*, the environing narrative is called for, and serves to enhance the vraisemblance of the tale. Never had man more thrilling and unusual experiences than Mr. Fortescue, and very *ennuyé* must be the reader, old or young, who cannot be absorbed in the perusal of his strange story. If the book rather flags towards the close, it is, perhaps, because the author has been too prolific of incident in the earlier chapters. Certainly there is nothing so absorbing as the bloodhound-chase described in chap. xvi. Thereafter the best thing is the hero's terrible ride on the "man-killer"—but there, I have said enough. No lover of this kind of romance could resist bloodhounds and "man-killers."

Tribute to Satan is a story of crime, about which the most remarkable thing is the part played by Edison's phonograph in the murder-trial in court. The author has not only anticipated the discovery of the instrument (which, in a prefatory note, he duly apologises for), but he turns its limited capacities to a use which would astound the inventor. There is a commonplaceness about the book which will weary many readers; but the plot is sufficiently intricate to compel the attention, and the personages not so wholly uninteresting as to render the account of their joys and adversities tedious.

If a book could be foredoomed to failure by outer hideousness the fate of the collection of Australian stories edited by Mr. Patchett Martin would have been settled ere this. Fortunately the print and paper of the interior belie the cover, and are as pleasant as one of the wide-leaded Tauchnitz pages, which they closely resemble. The tales are all readable, and two are particularly good—Mr. Haddon Chambers's very pathetic "Pipe of Peace," and Mrs. Campbell Praed's curiously suggestive episode entitled "Miss Pallavant." The latter, however, is not an Australian tale. It is one of the cleverest short stories which Mrs. Campbell Praed has written, and so

should be welcome. The short tale, the "episode," is not the kind of fiction wherein our novelists have greatly distinguished themselves.

There are two stories in this translation of Leon de Tinseau's latest book. The longer and more complicated is a very ordinary tale, something in the manner of George Ohnet; the shorter is an interesting and clever narrative, entitled "How One became a Pasha." It would afford material for an amusing comedy or burlesque. The incident of the sultan and the pasha, after the latter has won at chess, is grotesquely funny, though the author has undoubtedly taken the full measure of licence in his portrait of Abdul Aziz.

WILLIAM SHARP.

RECENT THEOLOGY.

Systems of Christian Ethics. By Dr. J. A. Dorner. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.) There are certain intellects which may be classed as Scholastic. They resemble the Schoolmen in the possession of enormous systematising powers. If they are naturalists, they manifest a tendency to emulate Aristotle or Cuvier. If politicians, they are apt to excogitate some financial measure or local government bill, in which the unity of the conception runs considerable risk of being lost in the multiplicity and complexity of the details. Such an intellect among modern theologians was the late Dr. Dorner. An unrivalled and unwearied systematist, he treated theology and ethics as unbounded fields for definition, partition, and sub-division. Now, the evil of all this subtle and minute ramification is that it is not easy to find the wood for the trees, that the memory becomes encumbered with the endless repetition of parts splitting up into divisions, of divisions into sections, and of sections into chapters. Human life is not long enough for the exhaustive botany which would describe a tree by carefully enumerating all its branches and leaves. Dr. Dorner's characteristics were sufficiently pronounced in his former work—his *Development of the Doctrine of the Person of Christ*, which, in the latest edition of the translation, occupies no less than five enormous volumes; but they are just as conspicuous in this. With this qualification his *Christian Ethics* must be pronounced a most valuable repository of every subject pertaining to his central theme. The plan and structure of the book are encyclopaedic, and this probably indicates the use to which it will generally be applied; at the same time, the treatment of some of the details, even when lacking simplicity of thought and expression, is marked by excellence of a very high order. Dr. Dorner was undoubtedly a great man; indeed, much of our exception to his works is based on the feeling that for ordinary mortals and common life he was somewhat too great.

Enigmas of the Spiritual Life. By A. H. Craufurd. (David Stott.) This is a series of extremely able sermons or "sermon-essays," whose purport is well described by their title. Their object—according to the further statement of the author—is "to think out some of the gravest and most interesting problems of man's higher life as they present themselves to inquirers in the present age." Mr. Craufurd's chief characteristics appear to be a genuinely Christian width of sympathy and profound emotional tenderness. We must add that he sometimes manifests the defects of his virtues—e.g., he betrays an occasional lack of intellectual grip in seizing and presenting the standpoint of those whom he controversies.

Thus, in his sermon on "Vicarious Suffering," saturated as it is with depth of feeling and abounding in more or less appropriate illustrations, there is an entire waiving of the true causes which have made the doctrine of Christ's vicarious suffering in its ordinary form disliked by most liberal thinkers from the time of Abelard to our own day. It is not that these thinkers fail to recognise the many analogies which exist in nature and humanity of the operation of the general law, but that in the particular instance chiefly meant the transaction is represented as a mercantile compact—a cold, dry, legal bargain—in which the most essential of the Divine attributes are either caricatured or ignored.

Inspiration and the Bible. An Enquiry. By Robert F. Horton. (Fisher Unwin.) Mr. Horton has written an able and useful book, but not a book on inspiration. His first chapter explains his method. He will examine his Bible systematically and set down its characteristics, and these will form his account of inspiration. His next seven chapters are therefore practically an introduction to the study of the Bible. They present us with a clear and accurate sketch of the results at which modern scholarship has arrived up to the present in its investigation of the books of the Old and New Testament. The sketch is of course only an outline. It is intended for the unlearned reader, and will form a most useful preliminary to the study of Dr. Robertson Smith's writings, or the elaborate treatises of German writers. Such a task needs learning and candour, and some measure of caution, all of which requisites Mr. Horton possesses. It is when considered as a treatise on inspiration that the book is unsatisfactory. The last chapter returns to the question asked in the first, and finds that the examination of the Old and New Testament has left us with four axioms about inspiration, of which three are purely negative; the fourth declares that "we call our Bible inspired, because by reading it and studying it we can find our way to God, we can find what is His will for us, and how we are to carry out His will." With this we have no wish to quarrel. But it obviously permits us to include other writings than the Hebrew in the pale of inspired literature; and Mr. Horton's book is weak and unsatisfactory, if not to the "unthinking believer," at least to the "thinking unbeliever," because he does not frankly admit this, but uses language occasionally which suggests that he denies it. Mr. Horton, in fact, makes no attempt to deal logically or philosophically with his problem, for which he would deserve nothing but gratitude if he had given his book another name. But he "enquires" into inspiration, he implies that there is something in the inspiration of the Bible which is not found elsewhere in literature; and he makes no sort of effort to state what this something is. He leaves undone the particular thing he has undertaken to do.

The World to Come. By J. W. Reynolds. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) We cordially sympathise with the tender, plaintive aspirations for a future life which Prebendary Reynolds has incorporated into this volume, and we have nothing but admiration for the many-sided erudition which he has employed in support of his thesis. At the same time, we deem him guilty of an error of judgment in assuming that his researches have the effect of a demonstration, and that immortality is, as he curiously phrases it, "a physical fact." It is just this habit of over-weaning assurance on the part of learned theologians which gives point to the opposite reasonings of atheists and secularists. Prebendary Reynolds, if he will pardon a suggestion respectfully made, would learn much as to the caution and moderation needed for the discussion of his subject from

Bishop Butler's well-known *Analogy*. Setting aside this fundamental objection to the object and tone of the book, we can conscientiously commend it to our readers as an important contribution to the subject it discusses.

The Reign of Causality. By R. Watts. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.) All students of natural theology are aware that the teleological argument, from whichever side it is regarded, constitutes one of its main difficulties. The difficulty is perhaps inevitable—one of those antinomies profoundly grounded on the nature of things. Prof. Watts makes a very elaborate and important contribution to the subject; not that his position or his reasonings are wholly new, but that he has restated the old Paleyan view of the subject with larger erudition and increased emphasis. His point of view, to quote his own words, is

"that the principle of causality revealed as a primary belief, in consciousness, fairly carried out and applied in scientific investigations, leads up to an ultimate cause—a *Causa Causarum*—possessed of all the attributes which enter into our conception of personality."

Our readers will perceive that this is the ordinary orthodox standpoint; but they may accept our assurance that in its elaboration—with some drawbacks inseparable from the line of argument chosen—the author displays a considerable amount of acumen as well as of scientific and philosophical learning. The book will well repay perusal.

The Science of Religion. By Emile Burnouf. Translated by Julie Liebe. (Sonnenschein.) This work deserved translation, as the attempt of a well-known orientalist to trace all the great world-religions to their sources, and thereby to establish a science of religions. Discarding the customary, and in our opinion the more philosophic, method of accounting for similarities in doctrine, ritual, &c., by the nature and instincts of men and their inevitable relation to their surroundings, M. Emile Burnouf resorts to a scheme of heredity. Thus he finds Christianity, its doctrines, symbols &c., in Zoroastrianism. Thence he penetrates a stage still further back and finds them in the religion of the Veda. Passing at this point the bounds of history, he arrives at a primitive Aryan religion—the fountain-head of all the great religions of the world, Christianity included. M. Burnouf describes his aim and method in the following sentences (p. 110):

"Religions have proceeded one out of the other: not only are the forms of worship in each one not original, not only are the symbols found to have crept successively into each worship, retaining and transmitting to succeeding centuries all the outward signs, which at no time underwent more than the most superficial alterations, but the mystic or rather the metaphysical doctrine also, which is hidden under these veils, and which we might term the Divine element in religions, has remained unchanged since the remotest days until ours, vivifying these symbolic figures, rites, and formulas—which constitute its outward and visible signs."

It does not seem to have occurred to the learned author that the common factors in all great religions may be accounted for by a much easier and more natural process than that which he employs. We fear that the similarities he attempts to point out between Christianity and other religions will startle many of his readers (cf., pp. 152-3). But the book is a product of careful thought, and will repay consideration.

Philosophy and Religion. By A. H. Strong. (New York: Armstrong.) The author of this work is president and professor of Biblical Theology in the Rochester (Baptist) Theological Seminary. In the discharge of his functions he has been called upon to deliver essays, sermons, and addresses to his classes as

well as to the general public. The subjects of these various utterances embrace a considerable diversity of topics, ranging from the higher walks of philosophy to the lowest regions of commonplace. These are collected without any apparent attempt at discrimination or arrangement into a bulky volume of over 600 pages. To say that such a medley, however interesting it might be to the author's personal friends or to the "alumni" (as he terms them) of the Rochester Theological Seminary, can be a valuable contribution either to philosophy or religion, would be a violation of the critic's most elementary duty. The papers, whether on philosophy or theology, do not rise above the level of respectable mediocrity. That the author is not devoid of literary insight is proved by the disclaimer in the preface "of any expectation that the book will be widely read." We might easily say more were it not for the unusually modest terms of the same preface, which quite disarms criticism.

Jesus, Bar Rabba: or, Jesus, Bar Abba? By Henry Pratt, M.D. (Williams & Norgate.) It is not easy to give in the space at our command an accurate description of this book. Its title consists of a pun, one of its last chapters is headed "A Bewildering Tragedy," and all the intermediate portions partake of the gratuitous puzzlement suggested by these headings. Perhaps its most accurate description would be: a collection of desultory observations on the Old and New Testament, partly rationalistic, partly mystical in character. The author's scholarship may be judged of from his statement (p. 77) that the designation Simon Magus was given to St. Paul, "not only because of his mysticism, but because he claimed to be greater (*majus* for 'major') than Simon Peter." Equally novel is his derivation of the name Eve (p. 311): "And the man called the name of his wife *Chavah* (smudger), for she was the stainer of life." On the other hand, we have occasional indications of spiritual insight and profound thought. Among most sane utterances are his final remarks, entitled "A Last Word," which is a plea for sceptical suspense. Though it is open to the remark that, if he had accepted that very intelligible position at first, most of his book would have remained unwritten.

The History of the Law of Tithes in England. By William Westerby. (Cambridge: University Press.) This is the Yorke Prize Essay for 1887; and a more solid piece of work than most of its kind are apt to be. It is a sensible, straightforward treatise, following a chronological order of arrangement, with certain necessary digressions. The first part of the work is chiefly historical; a chapter upon titheable matters forms a sort of backbone dividing the book in the middle; and then the second portion is concerned with procedure in questions of tithe, with analysis of the precise nature of the changes brought in by the dissolution of the religious houses, and with discharge and exemption from the payment of tithes. The closing chapter is confined to discussing the status of tithes in the City and Liberties of London. The writer has avoided politics so far as possible, and has not been led astray by the *ignis fatuus* of a tripartite or quadripartite distribution of the tithe as ever having prevailed in England, though it did hold in more than one continental kingdom. There is a sufficient index, and a table of statutes referred to in the course of the discussion, thus making the volume a convenient handbook of its subject.

A Manual of Confirmation. By Rev. R. B. Kennard. Second Edition. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) It is very rarely that a manual of confirmation deserves notice as a contribution to theology, but Mr. Kennard's compact little work is altogether exceptional.

It contains more thoughtful and rational theology than is found in many a tome of far greater pretension. The chief significance of the book lies in its treatment of the sacraments, and pointing out their true Anglican and Protestant signification as distinct from recent perversions. Without entering upon controversial points, we may say that Mr. Kennard deals with this subject in a philosophical and Christian spirit; and we cordially recommend his treatise not only to candidates for confirmation but to all who would learn the teaching of the English Church in its sane sobriety, apart from sectarian extravagances of any kind.

Thoughts on Revelation and Life. Being Selections from the Writings of Canon Westcott. Arranged and Edited by Stephen Phillips. (Macmillan.) We need only point out, with reference to this daintily printed volume, that it is selected with unusual care and appreciation. Part iv., entitled "Lessons of Literature and Art," gives selections from compositions of Canon Westcott not very easily accessible, and will be found full of interest; the extracts also from the address on Mr. Browning will be new to many. Disciples of Canon Westcott owe Mr. Phillips a debt of gratitude for the pains he has taken.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE understand that Sir W. W. Hunter, the biographer of Lord Mayo, has undertaken to write the Life of Sir Bartle Frere.

MR. FREDERIC G. KITTON has now ready for immediate publication the first part of the work, entitled *Charles Dickens with Pen and Pencil*, upon which he has been engaged for more than two years. The principal features of this work are: (1) a description of all the portraits of Dickens, with unpublished memoranda concerning them; (2) records of his personal characteristics, with a collection of reminiscences contributed by surviving friends; (3) one hundred illustrations, including nearly fifty portraits, reproduced by line-engraving, mezzotint, etching, photogravure, &c. The mode of publication will be twelve parts, printed on fine paper, imperial quarto, each of which will contain three full-page plates. The edition is a limited one; and subscribers should address to Mr. F. T. Sabin, Garrick Street, W.C.

MESSRS. T. NELSON & SONS, of Edinburgh, will publish shortly *The Life and Work of Duncan McLaren*, in two volumes. During more than fifty years Mr. McLaren played a prominent part in the public affairs of Edinburgh; and when he entered Parliament as member for that city he came to be recognised in England as a representative Scotchman. He corresponded with many distinguished reformers of a past generation, including Brougham, Macaulay, Bowring, Hume, and Cobden; and extracts from their letters will be given in the book. The author is Mr. J. B. Mackie.

AN elaborate historical work—somewhat similar in scale to that of Mr. H. H. Bancroft for the Pacific States of North America—is announced from Australia. Mr. G. B. Barton, of Sydney, has undertaken to write history of New South Wales from official records, in fifteen volumes, each volume covering the term of a governor's administration. The first volume will include the letters written by Governor Phillip previous to his departure from England and while on his voyage, and also his despatches from Sydney, which have not before been published. In the appendix will be given, besides the Act of Parliament founding the colony, the governor's commission and instructions, and the letters patent

constituting the courts of civil and criminal jurisdiction, and many other unpublished records of literary and historical interest. There will also be a bibliography of the colony down to 1808.

MR. M. T. CULLY, of Wooler Castle, Northumberland, has just sent to press for the Extra Series of the Early English Text Society next year his edition of Caxton's *Eneydos*. His Preface contains an interesting account of the curious mixture of Boccaccio and other middle-age authors with Virgil's *Aeneid*, and of the last chapters added to the classical poet's story. Though Caxton englished his book from the French, no French original of it is now known, though surely a copy must be lying hid somewhere.

DR. KARL BUELBRINGS is editing, and Mr. David Nutt will issue, Defoe's hitherto unpublished educational treatise, entitled *The Compleat English Gentleman*, from Defoe's holograph MS., purchased by the British Museum at the late Mr. Crossley's sale.

MESSRS. APPLETON & CO., will publish in a few days the fifth volume of their *Cyclopaedia of American Biography*. It contains articles on W. H. Prescott, Generals P. H. Sheridan and W. T. Sherman, Chas. Sumner, Whitelaw, Reid, &c. The sixth and concluding volume will appear next January.

A *Memoir of Orange Street Chapel*, which is one of the oldest Nonconformist Chapels in London, has been written by its minister, the Rev. Richard Free, and will shortly be published by Messrs. W. B. Whittingham & Co.

MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS's new book will be a collection of miscellaneous articles called by the very plain but not ineffective title of *Pen and Ink—Papers on Subjects of more or less Importance*.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN announces for publication next week *The House and the Builder; a Book for the Doubtful*, by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Cox.

A VOLUME of essays on literary subjects, by Mr. W. Davenport Adams, entitled *Byways in Bookland*, is announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MESSRS. GRANT & CO.'s Christmas Number for this year, by Mr. R. E. Francillon, is to be called *A Christmas Rose: a Blossom in Seven Petals*. The scene is laid in Gloucester and the West, and is touched with the romance which gathered round Prince Charlie in the Jacobite movement of '45.

MESSRS. W. B. WHITTINGHAM & CO. will publish in a few days a second and revised edition of Dr. Blyden's *Christianity, Islam, and the Negro Race*, with a portrait of the author. Dr. Blyden, as readers of the ACADEMY know, is himself a negro, and writes with authority on his special subject.

MR. QUARITCH's annual trade-sale dinner took place on October 19 at Willis's Rooms. It was a pleasant old custom which has fallen into general desuetude, and is still kept up only by Messrs. Bentley and Mr. Quaritch. It flourished in the days before the growth of that intense competition in the retail trade, which has produced the "threepence in the shilling" discount, and cut the dealer's profits to the very quick. That there is still something to be done in the way of speculation, when the publisher acts with due consideration for his retail supporters, is shown by the way in which the more energetic members of the London trade, and representatives from other parts of the world, accepted Mr. Quaritch's invitation. Among those who bought most largely at the sale which followed the dinner (and lasted till half-an-

hour before midnight) were Messrs. Sotheran & Co., and Messrs. Bickers & Son, of London; Messrs. Downing from Birmingham, George from Bristol, Commin from Exeter, Simmons from Leamington; while, on the part of the American trade, Mr. B. F. Stevens was represented by Mr. Bigmore. One of the guests was Mr. Rowney from Brisbane, Queensland. Mr. Sotheran and Mr. John Wheldon were, during the sale, reminded by Mr. Quaritch of the circumstance that he had waited upon them at a similar trade-sale dinner forty-six years before, when they were the guests and he the assistant of the late Henry Bohn.

THE winter season at the London Institution will open on Monday, November 19, when Sir R. S. Ball (Astronomer-Royal for Ireland) will deliver the first of two lectures on "Time and Tide: the Romance of Modern Science." As usual, the list of arrangements is very strong in physical science. Prof. W. E. Ayrton will lecture on "Electrical Transmission of Power"; Prof. Sylvanus Thompson on "The Colours of Polarised Light"; Prof. Charles Stewart on "The Life History of some Plants and Animals"; Prof. Flower on "Pygmies"; Prof. Ray Lankester on "Darwin versus Lamarck"; the Rev. Dr. Dallinger on "Recent Studies of some Forms of Minutest Life"; Prof. Boyd Dawkins on "Our Early British Ancestors"; and Col. Gouraud on "The Phonograph." Music is represented by Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Carl Armbruster, and Prof. Ernst Pauer. And among the other announcements of general interest are: "Political Progress in the Seventeenth Century," by Mr. S. R. Gardiner; "The New Forces in India," by Sir W. W. Hunter; "The English Novel in the Seventeenth Century," by Mr. E. Gosse; and "Marriage Laws, Ancient and Modern," by Dr. E. B. Tyler. We also notice—what we believe to be a novelty at the London Institution—a Christmas course of three lectures specially intended for the young, by Dr. Meyott Tidy, entitled "The Story of a Tinder Box," with illustrations.

THE papers of the first half of the winter session of the Hull Literary Club included "Every-day in England in the time of Shakespeare," by Mr. William Andrews (the president); "The History of Guilds," by the Rev. Dr. Lambert; "Guns, Gunners, and Gunnery," by Col. Pudsey; "The Humorous Poetry of the Nineteenth Century," by Mr. W. W. Tomlinson; "The Dalesman," by Mr. I. W. Dickinson; "Heraldic Gleanings," by Dr. Thos. Walton; "The Welsh Eisteddfod," by the Rev. H. Elevet Lewis; and "Technical Education," by Mr. C. C. Graham. An evening will be set apart for reviewing the Hull literature published in 1888.

THE Boston *Literary World* of October 13 is still to seek for the meaning of the lines in Tennyson's "Princess"—

"She to me
Was proxy wedded with a booted calf,
At eight years old."

A correspondent, writing from the academical town of Cambridge, Mass., gets near enough to quote from Longfellow—

"And the armed guard around them, and the sword unsheathed between"

—and then goes on to add:

"If I mistake not, in one form of this performance, the insertion of any part of the nude body beneath the coverlet was held sufficient."

For another interpretation see the ACADEMY of October 6, p. 222.

DR. J. H. PRING, of Taunton, has reprinted from the *Western Antiquary* a biographical notice of his namesake, "Capitaine Martin

Prings: the last of the Elizabethan Seamen" (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.), which we commend to those who are interested in Americana. We are glad to learn that Mr. William George, of Bristol, is engaged upon a more elaborate memorial of this Bristol worthy, whose career has to do not only with America but also with the East Indies.

Correction.—In our notice of the *Jewish Quarterly Review* in the ACADEMY of last week, we should not have implied that M. Friedmann, author of the article on "The New Year and its Liturgy," is an adopted Englishman. He is a paelector in the University of Vienna, and the editor of the old Jewish works *Mechilta* and *Siphre*.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE following are some of the special announcements for the new volume of the *Century*, which commences with the November number:—A series of wood-engraving, from the most famous Italian paintings, by Mr. Timothy Cole, who has been employed on this task in the galleries of Europe for the past four years. The engravings, which will appear in historical order, "From the Byzantines to Tintoretto," will be accompanied by historical and critical papers by Mr. W. J. Stillman. A series of papers on Ireland, written by Mr. Charles de Kay, and illustrated by Mr. T. W. Alexander, of which the early ones will deal with architectural remains, scenery, and folklore; "Strange, True Stories of Louisiana," by Mr. George W. Cable, who guarantees that they are as true as they are strange; a series of Irish-American stories, of which the scene is laid in California, by Mr. George H. Jessup; letters and drawings from Japan, by Mr. John La Farge; and a novel based upon events in the early history of Canada, entitled "The Romance of Dollard," which has won the approval of Mr. Parkman. Mr. George Kennan's remarkable account of his experiences in Siberia, and Mrs. Van Rensselaer's description of English Cathedrals, will both be continued.

APART from the first instalments of some of the serials mentioned above, the November number of the *Century* will contain:—"Unpublished Letters of Nelson" (with portrait), by Mrs. Herbert Jones; "The Guilds of London" (illustrated), by Dr. Norman Moore; "Gravellot Witnessed and Re-visited," by Murat Halstead; and a discussion as to the exact site of "the place called Calvary," by the Rev. Dr. C. S. Robinson.

THE forthcoming number of the *Archaeological Review* will continue Mr. H. Morland Simpson's translation of Dr. K. Bahnsen's descriptive account of the chief ethnographical museums in Europe. Among other articles, will be "Beginnings of Greek Sculpture," by Mr. L. R. Farnell; "The Heirship of the Youngest in South Africa," by Dr. Brinsley Nicholson; "Widowhood in Manorial Law," by Mr. G. L. Gomme; and "Crime and Accident in Norfolk, temp. Edward I.," by Mr. Walter Rye.

AMONG the contents of the November number of the *Classical Review* will be: "Italic Declensions" (concluded), by Mr. W. M. Lindsay; review of Usener's "Epicurea," by Mr. I. Bywater; Harris's "Didache," by the Rev. Dr. C. Taylor; Postgate's "New Latin Primer," by Prof. H. Nettleship; and a paper on "The Training of Classical Teachers in Germany," by Prof. Th. Ziegler.

In the November number of *Time* will be articles on "The Church and Her Workers," by Prebendary Harry Jones; "An Irish Grouse Shooting," by Henry Jephson; "The American

Stage," by W. G. Elliott; "The Novelists of the Restoration," by W. H. Hudson; and a contribution to the "Mummer" controversy by Q. F. Austin.

St. Nicholas for November includes: "Dream Hours," by Mary Hallock Foote; "The Queen's Navy," by Lieut. F. Harrison Smith; "Great Japan: the Sunrise Kingdom," by J. C. Hodnett; and "Wood-Carving" (illustrated), by J. T. Hill. The frontispiece will reproduce Romney's "Portrait of a Young Girl."

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

MR. EDMUND GOSSE, Clark lecturer at Trinity College, will deliver a course of six lectures this term at Cambridge upon "The Poetry of Pope, and the Place of that Writer in Literary History."

MR. A. H. SAYCE, the deputy professor of comparative philology at Oxford, will deliver a public lecture on Tuesday next, October 30, upon "The Primitive Home of the Aryans."

SIR T. F. WADE, the newly appointed professor of Chinese at Cambridge, proposes to give elementary instruction to those desirous of commencing the study of Chinese, and afterwards to deliver a course of lectures on the literature of China.

A BUST of the late Henry Bradshaw, executed by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, has been presented by the subscribers to the Cambridge university library.

THE special board for biology and geology at Cambridge recommend that a grant of £80 be made from the Worts Travelling Scholars' Fund to Mr. M. C. Potter, to enable him to make botanical researches and collect specimens in Ceylon during the coming winter.

A MISSA SOLENNIS in B flat major, composed by the Rev. J. H. Mee for the degree of Doctor of Music, will be performed in the Sheldonian Theatre on Friday, November 9. It is written for four solo voices, double chorus, orchestra, and organ. The chorus will consist of Mr. Broughton's Leeds choir; and Mr. Mee will conduct the performance himself.

WE may also mention that Mr. Ebenezer Prout has written a Cantata, entitled "Damon and Pythias," for the Eglesfield Musical Society, of Queen's College. We understand, however, that it will not be heard in public before the annual concert in the summer term.

IT is, perhaps, significant that the India Civil Service Society at Oxford have voted, by a majority of 20 to 5, "that any extension of the principles of local self-government in India would be fatal to the interests of the Empire."

WE learn from the *Oxford Magazine* that a Persian MS. from the Ouseley collection, which had been missing from the Bodleian library for a considerable time, was discovered recently by Mr. Gordon Duff in a bookseller's shop at Inverness, and has been repurchased for £4, hardly a tenth of its real value.

THE performance of the "Oedipus Tyrannus" at Cambridge last November has found a chronicler in Mr. Francis R. Pryor, who has devoted to it a volume not unworthy to be compared with Prof. Warr's *Echoes of Hellas*. Mr. Pryor himself is responsible only for a certain amount of descriptive criticism, for the ornamental borders, and for the manufacture of the paper. The illustrations, drawn by Mr. Lawrence Speed, for the most part reproduce scenes witnessed on the Cambridge stage; but on four or five occasions the artist has given wider scope to his imagination. A very interesting feature is the script in which the Greek text of the play appears, imitated by hand from

the types of John Field, printer to the university in the latter part of the seventeenth century. We cannot sufficiently admire the patience with which Mr. H. A. Chapman has copied out the entire play in this old-fashioned character. To match it, Mr. Pryor has written in the incidental staves of music in a notation of the same period. Altogether, this volume—which is published by Messrs. Macmillan & Bowes—forms one of the most creditable specimens of book-making that we have seen for a long time.

PROF. ALBERT S. COOK has published a little pamphlet of some six pages (*Library Bulletin* of the University of California, No. 10), in which he discusses the question whether the famous Vercelli Book was brought to Italy from England by Cardinal Guala, the papal legate in the time of King John. The strongest piece of evidence seems to be Tiraboschi's statement (iv. 124, 5), that the library which the cardinal bequeathed to his monastery of St. Andrew at Vercelli included among its contents "bibliotheca de littera Anglicana."

ORIGINAL VERSE.

ΛΑΟΙΔΟΡΤΟΣ.

September 30, 1888.

HOUNDED by famine, friendless, hopeless—lo,
She tires her tresses, paints her cheek, and fares
Forth to an evil world; then, hiding tears
In her poor cloak, night's mock, flits to and fro;
O'er her a myriad stars heaven's radiance throw,
Unmoved, she loiters where the gas-lamp glares
Mid oaths and ribald laugh of fiends, nor cares
That Lust apes Love—dread pilgrimage of woe.
Next hour a nameless horror awes the night;
She lies now still, blood-dabbled, foully slain,
But on her breast a rose gleams free from stain,
Hope's angel. Shall not earth's great Judge do
right?
Through death's swift darkness burnt for her no
light?
Yes, e'en for her, Christ's love died not in vain.

M. G. WATKINS.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

WE recommend readers of the October *Livre* to turn first to the editor's short notice (in the "modern" part) of the late Charles Cros, a middle-aged *l'arnassien* who happened to achieve by the little piece of the *Hareng Saur* a success which must have annoyed its author more than it pleased him—a belated Bohemian, a contributor to that *renaissance* in which so much of the later Parnassian work remains enshrined, and altogether a remarkable specimen, if not of the *rate*, at any rate of a class very near to *nature*. The more dignified section has a paper by M. Eugène Asse on "Les Princesses de Bourbon Bibliophiles," from which we gather, among other things, that M. Asse, as we should have thought, does not agree with M. Scherer about the *Mémoirs* of *Mademoiselle*, and which is illustrated by a sheet of group vignette portraits. As a design this is excellent; but we fear the heads will confirm a certain well-established idea that the house of Bourbon was not remarkable for female beauty. This paper, which is a very good one, is followed by another equally good and from the equally competent hand of M. Victor Fournel, on "Pastoral Plays in the Seventeenth Century." Altogether an exceedingly good number.

PERHAPS the most noteworthy thing in the current number of *Mind* is the short but very impressive notice of Edmund Gurney, from the editor's pen. It almost shocked the few who knew what a rare masterful mind had been lost to us in the death of Gurney to see how little the great public seemed to think of the event. It was fitting that an adequate tribute should be

paid to the memory of the author of one of the most remarkable psychological productions of the age—the great and luminous treatise on music, not too happily entitled *The Power of Sound*—in a journal of psychology; and these few pregnant words of Prof. Croom Robertson will be felt to be adequate by Gurney's warmest admirers. The principal contents of the number are quite up to the high level of excellence on which the editor has strenuously insisted. Mr. G. F. Stout continues his exposition of Herbart's psychology, and succeeds in showing that it is by no means the obscure and difficult doctrine which it is sometimes supposed to be. Mr. J. H. Hyslop offers a closely-reasoned criticism of Wundt's psychological theory of vision. He has himself made some careful observations in the region of physiological, or, as it might more correctly be called, psychological, optics, and he brings the result of these to bear with considerable skill on the contending psychological hypotheses. The essayist is possibly too sanguine when he supposes that these experiments are crucial, as against the theory that seeing distance is a sort of semi-conscious process of inference. It seems strange that at this time of day an investigator can venture to reason straight away from facts of visual experience in our mature and highly developed consciousness to laws of all vision. One would say that the whole tendency of recent, and especially evolutional, psychology had been to bring out and emphasise the truth that what seem to be the simplest mental experiences of the adult are to a large extent the residues of his past life-history. It is exceedingly doubtful whether we shall ever be able, by such experiments as Mr. Hyslop's, to make sure of getting at an original feature of the psychical mechanism. In no department of his science would the psychologist more greatly profit by an accurate report of infant experience—were such a thing attainable—than in that of vision. Of a less difficult and more practical character than this paper is an article by Dr. Bain, on the "Definition and Demarcation of the Subject-Sciences." Such a piece of work was much needed, and Dr. Bain was extremely well qualified to perform it. The article illustrates keen logical discernment wisely tempered by an adequate respect for usage. The remaining article, on "A Basis for Ethics," by Prof. Dyde, is thoughtfully and attractively written, but hardly seems to supply a new ethical first principle. Self-realisation through the community has, unless our memory slips, been eloquently urged by one recent writer at least, Mr. F. H. Bradley. Perhaps, however, it is unreasonable to expect a writer at this time of day to contribute a new ethical theory. Work in this department must, it would seem, now consist of a critical comparison, and an approximation, of the rival theories already on the field; and Prof. Dyde's paper certainly works in this direction.

MESSRS. JARROLD & SONS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"In and About Ancient Ipswich," by Dr. J. E. Taylor, curator of Ipswich Museum, with fifty illustrations by Percy E. Stimpson, in a limited edition; "Cromer, Past and Present," by Walter Rye, with numerous illustrations, containing a description of the Buried City of Shipton, The Old Squires, The Old Traders, The Fisheries, "Cromer Crabs," The Churches, The People, Discovery of the Watering Place; "Family Prayers (Morning and Evening)," by the Rev. G. S. Barrett; "All on a Summer's Day," an illustrated book for children, by Mrs. G. U. Davies. New books by Grace Stebbing—"That Bother of a Boy," illustrated by Paul Hardy; "A Will made in Haste; or, Hal Baumgarten's Adventures in a New Texas

Town," illustrated by Paul Hardy. "Sandringham Library"—"The Brown Portmanteau, and other Tales," by Curtis Yorke; "Geraldine's Husband," by Mary MacLeod; "Railway Library": "Tossed About," by W. S. Wright. Books for presentation, prizes, &c.—"Rivets of Gold," by Mrs. John Bradshaw; "A Sailor's Darling" and "Put to the Test," by Harriet Boulwood; "Frocks: or, the Rector's Charge," by A. E. G.; "Turning the Corner, and other Stories" and "The Old Clock in the Parlour, and other Stories," by Absalom Peers, illustrated; "Memories of Old Norwich," by A. Nonagenarian; "Directory of Norwich, with its Hamlets," containing Street Directory, Alphabetical List of Inhabitants, and Classified Professional and Trades Directory, published triennially.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

BAUBON, P. *Les rives illyriennes: Istrie, Dalmatie, Monténégro.* Paris: Betsau-Bray. 7 fr.
BECKER, R. *Wahrheit u. Dichtung in Ulrich v. Lichtensteins Frauendienst.* Halle: Niemeyer. 2 M.
BERTAL, G. *Auguste Vacquerie: sa Vie et son Œuvre* Paris: Pigeon. 3 fr. 50 c.
BOURGET, P. *Etudes et portraits.* Paris: Lemerre. 7 fr.
CHAIGNET, A. E. *La rhétorique et son histoire.* Paris: Vieweg. 10 fr.
KAWERAU, W. *Culturbilder aus dem Zeitalter der Aufklärung.* 2. Bd. *Aus Halle's Litteraturleben.* Halle: Niemeyer. 8 M.
MARTINET, A. *Les différentes formes de l'impôt sur le revenu.* Paris: Berger-Levrault. 3 fr. 50 c.
MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, F. *Briefe an Ignaz u. Charlotte Moscheles.* Hrsg. v. F. Moscheles. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 6 M.
RABUSSON, H. *Mon Capitaine.* Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
THESAURUS librorum Philippi Pfister, Monacensis. Mit Annenken u. Registern hrsg. v. H. Hayn. München: Ueberlein. 20 M.

THEOLOGY.

BAUR, A. *Zwingli's Theologie, ihr Werden u. ihr System.* 2. Bd. 1. Hälfte. Halle: Niemeyer. 9 M.
DÜLLINGER, I. v. u. H. REUSCH. *Geschichte der Moralstreitigkeiten in der römisch-katholischen Kirche seit dem 16. Jahrh.* m. Beiträgen zur Geschichte u. Charakteristik d. Jesuitenordens. Nördlingen: Beck. 22 M.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

BILFINGER, G. *Die babylonische Doppelstunde.* Stuttgart: Wildt. 1 M. 20 Pf.
CHASSIN, Ch. L. *Les Elections et les Cahiers de Paris en 1789.* T. II. *Les Assemblées primaires et les Cahiers primitifs.* Paris: Quantin. 15 fr.
GARBAUD, R. *Traité théorique et pratique du droit égal français.* T. 3. Paris: Larose. 10 fr.
JOERS, P. *Römische Rechtswissenschaft zur Zeit der Republik.* 1. Tl. *Bis auf die Catonen.* Berlin: Vahlen. 7 M.
KAUFMANN, D. *Samson Wertheimer, der Oberhofstaat u. Landesrabbiner (1653-1724), u. seine Kinder.* Wien: Beck. 4 M.
KAULEK, J. *Papiers de Barthélémy, Ambassadeur de France en Suisse, 1791-1797.* T. 3. Paris: Alcan. 18 fr.
LUDWIG, H. *Strassburg vor hundert Jahren.* Stuttgart: Frommann. 5 M.
NYS, E. *Notes pour servir à l'histoire littéraire et dogmatique du droit international en Angleterre.* 1^{re} partie. Brussels: Muquardt. 3 fr. 50 c.
PANDECTES françaises, p. p. M. Rivière. T. 4. Paris: Maresq. 25 fr.

PUBLIKATIONEN der Gesellschaft f. rheinische Geschichtskunde. I. *Kölner Schreinsurkunden d. 12. Jahrh.* Hrsg. v. R. Hoeniger. 1. Bd. 3. Lfg. Bonn: Weber. 9 M. 80 Pf.

SCHMIDT, B. *Burggraf Heinrich IV. zu Meissen, Oberstanzler der Krone Böhmen u. seine Regierung im Vogtlande.* Gera: Griesbach. 10 M.
STEKVS, F. *Wittelsbacher Briefe aus den J. 1590-1610.* Abtg. III. München: Franz. 3 M. 60 Pf.

STURM, J. *Das kaiserliche Stadium auf dem Palatin.* Würzburg: Heitz. 1 M. 50 Pf.

THÜRNHEIM, A. Graf. *Ludwig Fürst Starhemberg, ehemaliger k. k. a. o. Gesandter an den Höfen in Haag, London, Turin, etc.* Graz: "Styria." 5 M. 40 Pf.

VÖGELIN, S. *Das alte Zürich.* 2. Bd. *Beiträge zur Geschichte der Stadt Zürich u. ihrer Nachbargemeinden.* 1. Lfg. Zürich: Füssli. 1 M. 50 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

BONNE, G. *Ueb. das Fibrinfernent u. seine Beziehungen zum Organismus.* Würzburg: Hert. 3 M.
SARASIN, P. u. F. *Ergebnisse naturwissenschaftlicher Forschungen auf Ceylon in den J. 1884-86.* 1. Bd. 3. Hft. Wiesbaden: Kreidels. 18 M.
SCHLOSSER, M. *Die Affen, Lemuren, Chiropteren, Insektivoren, Marsupialier, Credontiden u. Carnivoren d. europäischen Tertiärs u. deren Beziehungen zu ihren lebenden u. fossilen aussereurop. Verwandten.* Wien: Holder. 16 M.

SCHWINK, F. *Ueb. den Zwischenkiefer u. seine Nachbarorgane bei Säugethieren.* München: Buchholz. 6 M.

TÖBÖL, A. v. *Ueb. e. Universal-Kraniometer. Zur Reform der Kraniometrie.* Leipzig: Thieme. 5 M.

VELLAIS, Ch. *Conférences de pétrographie.* 1^{er} Fasc. Paris: Carré. 4 fr.

VINOGRADSKY, S. *Beiträge zur Morphologie u. Physiologie der Bakterien.* 1. Hft. Zur Morphologie u. Physiologie der Schwefelbakterien. Leipzig: Felix. 6 M. 40 Pf.

ZEILLER, R. *Description de la flore fossile du bassin houiller de Valenciennes.* Paris: Baudry. 75 fr. 25 c.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

DANIELSSON, O. A. *Grammaticale u. etymologische Studien.* I. Upsala: Lundström. 1 M. 90 Pf.

DEECKE, W. *Die Falisker. Eine geschichtlichsprachl. Untersuchung.* Strassburg: Trübner. 9 M.

HANDSCHRIFTEN-VERZEICHNISSE der k. Bibliothek zu Berlin. *Verzeichnis der Sanskrit- u. Prakrit-Handschriften.* v. A. Weber. Berlin: Asher. 22 M.

PIETSCH, O. *Beiträge zur Lehre vom altfranzösischen Relativium.* Halle: Niemeyer. 1 M. 60 Pf.

PREDIGTEN, altdtsche. Hrsg. v. A. E. Schönbach. 2. Bd. Texte. Graz: "Styria." 9 M.

PULLIG, H. *Ennius quid debuerit Lucretius.* Pars 1. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.

SAMMLUNG indogermanischer Wörterbücher. II. *Grundriss der gotischen Etymologie.* v. S. Feist. Strassburg: Trübner. 5 M.

WEIGERT, G. *Die Sprache der Olympo-Walachen nebst einer Einleitung üb. Land u. Leute.* Leipzig: Barth. 3 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN IDEAL EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE.

Pendleton: Oct. 15, 1888.

New editions of Shakspere are constantly being brought out, and yet none, so far as I am aware, fulfils what seem to me the necessary conditions for a really useful edition for ordinary readers. May I through your columns call publishers' attention to these conditions?

1. It should be handy and legible. That is to say, the size should be duodecimo, foolscap octavo, or post octavo. The print should be small pica or long primer. These conditions would probably imply that from three to five plays only should be contained in each volume.

2. The text should be authentic. That is to say, every variation of the smallest importance from the text of the first folio or important quartos should be stated on the page itself.

3. There should be to each play a brief introduction, stating the authorities for the text, the sources of the story, and the evidence for the date. In the case of those plays which it is practically certain were not all by Shakspere, the fact should be plainly stated either in the preface or in the margin, or perhaps by difference of type, or by brackets, &c.

4. Very brief notes or a glossary should be added to each volume, explaining obsolete words, obscure allusions, or other difficulties; but the annotating temper should be kept under very tight control.

5. Perhaps the most important condition of all (except No. 2) is the arrangement of the plays and poems in chronological order. The ordinary arrangement is difficult to remember, and utterly wrong. So much is agreed on by all scholars. Nor is there, I believe, any large disagreement as to the order of composition, except, perhaps, where the play, as we have it, retains large traces of different hands or different periods of composition. Taking the dates as given by Dowden, and making very slight deviations from chronology in order to term suitable groups, I suggest the following arrangement for an edition in ten volumes:

I. "Titus Andronicus," 1588-90.

"1 Henry VI.," 1590-91.

"2 Henry VI.," 1591-92.

"3 Henry VI.," 1593.

II. "Love's Labour Lost," 1590.

"Comedy of Errors," 1591.

"Taming the Shrew," 1592.

"Two Gentlemen of Verona," 1592-93.

III. "Venus and Adonis," 1592.
"Lucrece," 1593-94.
"Midsummer Night's Dream," 1593-94.
"Romeo and Juliet," ?
"Sonnets and other Pieces," ?

IV. "Richard III," 1593.
"Richard II," 1594.
"King John," 1595.
"Merchant of Venice," 1596.

V. "1 Henry IV," 1597-98.
"2 Henry IV," ?
"Henry V," 1599.
"Merry Wives," 1598.

VI. "Much Ado," 1598.
"As You Like It," 1599.
"Twelfth Night," 1600-01.
"All's Well that Ends Well," 1601-02.

VII. "Julius Caesar," 1601.
"Hamlet," 1602.
"Measure for Measure," 1603.
"Troilus and Cressida," ?

VIII. "Othello," 1604.
"Lear," 1605.
"Macbeth," 1606.
"Antony and Cleopatra," 1607.

IX. "Coriolanus," 1608.
"Cymbeline," 1609.
"Tempest," 1610.
"Winter's Tale," 1610-11.

X. "Timon of Athens," 1607-8.
"Pericles," 1608.
"Two Noble Kinsmen," 1612.
"Henry VIII," 1612-13.

I wish some of the many competent Shaksperian scholars would undertake such an edition. I am sure it would sell, and be to many like myself a real boon.

HENRY J. ROBY

THE RELATIONSHIP OF THE SEVERAL EDITIONS
OF MALORY'S "MORTE DARTHUR."

6 Upper Woburn Place, W.C.: Oct. 21, 1888.

Mr. Nutt's announcement in the ACADEMY of my forthcoming edition of Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte Darthur*, based upon Lord Spencer's copy of the Caxton, recorded my intention to give also in an appendix the various readings of the editions of Wynkyn de Worde, Copland, and East. The result of my studies of the last two weeks necessitates some little modification of that statement, as I shall explain hereafter. I am also, however, what has not yet been mentioned, going to describe minutely Malory's relation to the *Merlin* in the Huth Library, lately edited for the Société des Anciens Textes Français, and to some other of his French sources.

Sir Thomas Malory finished the MS. of his *Morte Darthur*, "reduced" from certain books in French, according to Caxton's statement, in the ninth year of Edward IV, i.e., about 1470. All efforts to trace his MS. in any of the libraries of the United Kingdom have hitherto proved fruitless. I am inclined to believe that the MS., being intended for the press, was much damaged during the process of printing, and was destroyed soon after the book was ready.

Wynkyn de Worde, though he gives no statement to that effect, evidently printed his edition of 1498 from Caxton, and his second of 1529 (in fact the third edition) from his first. A copy of this edition of 1529, wanting seven leaves (containing the table of contents and the preface), but otherwise in splendid condition, is in the Grenville collection of the British Museum. It deviates considerably from Caxton, and that not only in the orthography. There are also words transposed, words now and then added or omitted, especially obsolete ones frequently exchanged for more modern ones. On an average there are about twelve such variations on a page. Whether these were introduced by the compositor or by some person who read the proofs cannot be decided.

The fourth, Copland's edition of 1559, is not, as one would expect, a reprint from Caxton, but almost a facsimile of Wynkyn de Worde's edition of 1529. The text corresponds word for word, line for line, but not page for page, this latter difference being caused by the different size of the woodcuts preceding the several books.

Thomas East printed his two editions (about 1585 ?) either from Wynkyn de Worde or from Copland's edition; probably from the latter, as the title is similar.

Finally, the seventh and last black-letter edition, that of Th. Stansby (1634)—though differing in the arrangement of the work (instead of the whole being divided into twenty-one books, it is divided into three parts, and each of these parts into chapters), and also showing some arbitrary omissions and alterations, as well as differences in orthography—is reprinted from East's folio. This is proved, (1) as Mr. Wright has already stated in his introduction (1856), by the fact that Stansby omitted in his edition the contents of one entire sheet in East's folio edition. (According to Caxton, part of chap. i., the whole of chap. iii., and almost the whole of chap. iii., of the fourteenth book.) This sheet bears the signature Dd., and has as well as Dd., the catchword "but." It begins: "But by way of kyndness and for good," and ends: "for a good horse would befeme you right well but." This explains both why the printer overlooked a sheet, and also how mechanically the reprint was made. (2) By the reproduction of some misprints, e.g., in book xxi., chap. xviii., East prints: "As Iesu helpe ME for hys grete myghte as HE is the seruauant of Iesu both day and night." This ought to read, "As Iesu helpe him," as Caxton prints it. Stansby has faithfully reproduced this blunder. From this it is evident that real variations exist only between Caxton and Wynkyn de Worde. Copland and East agree with the latter, and Stanby's edition is for our purpose without value.

Of the modern editions, the two of 1816 and that of 1856 are based on Stansby (1634), and that of 1817 on Caxton. With reference to this last I may state that the general opinion that it is an exact reprint of the Caxton is an error, though Southey says so in his introduction. But Southey had nothing whatever to do with the printing, which was superintended by Mr. Upcott; so that this edition, as Carew Hazlitt says, in a note to Warton's *History of English Poetry*, is a mere speculation of the bookseller.

H. OSKAR SOMMER.

A PROPOSED FEET OF FINES SOCIETY.

Winchester House, Putney, S.W.: Oct. 15, 1888.

Every topographer and genealogist knows the extreme value of the Feet of Fines, and how no county history, or pedigree, is even approximately correct until they have been searched. And yet how seldom any antiquary has been able to spare the time and take the trouble to make an exhaustive analysis of the fines of his county? He may have gone through them at one time for one object, and noted all what he then thought he would be likely to want out of them; and then, later on, when he took up a new subject, found that his former notes were valueless to him, although his first search was a matter of extreme labour or, if done by deputy, of great cost.

So far as I myself am concerned, I early determined that, as to my own county (Norfolk), I would not go again and again over the same ground. And, accordingly, I prepared and have published a short calendar of them to Richard III., the indexes to which can be searched in five minutes, whereas a careful search of the original documents would have required as many weeks, and could not have been under-

taken by any professional record agent (7254 documents) for less than £15.

To compile a similar calendar down to Richard III., to index it thoroughly, and to print 100 copies, would for most counties cost somewhat under £100; and if fifty subscribers will send in their names, I propose to commence the series at once and chance the result.

Certain counties are in hand already, and, therefore, will, of course, be avoided, such as: Derby, by the Derby Archaeological and Natural History Society; Kent, by Mr. Greenstreet; York, by the Yorkshire Archaeological and Topographical Association; as also will Cambridge, which I have just had completed for the Cambridge Antiquarian Society. Suffolk I have just had calendared at my own expense; and, if the society can be formed, I shall be glad to hand over the MS., which will cause a considerable saving for the first year. I have also arranged for a calendar of Essex Fines, and this might form the second volume.

If all who feel inclined to co-operate with me will send me their names, it is very probable that the work may be put in hand before the year is out.

WALTER RYE.

JUNIOR RIGHT AMONG THE CANAANITES.

London: October 23, 1888.

Absence from England prevented my seeing earlier Dr. Neubauer's letter, in the ACADEMY of September 15, on my views respecting "Junior Right in Genesis." Perhaps you will allow me to make a few remarks on it now.

So far as I understand Dr. Neubauer's position, he recognises the anomaly of the birthright passing in early Hebrew tradition with the youngest, or younger, son—an anomaly to which I believe I have been the first to call explicit attention. But he would explain this, not by assuming the existence of junior right in early Israel as I do, but by supposing a system of succession which is certainly novel but is at the same time opposed to the views of all authorities on early inheritance.

Briefly put, Dr. Neubauer's theory is that of the right of inheritance of the second son. The eldest son, in his view, was sanctified to the gods, and, if occasion required it, was sacrificed to them. The first-born being thus put aside, the next son came in for the birthright. Against this, I would point out that there is no sign of Ishmael, Esau, or Manasseh being regarded as more sacred than their younger brothers. The only instance which Dr. Neubauer adduces tells dead against his view, since it shows that even where the eldest son was *tabu'd* he had the birthright while he lived. "Then he [the King of Moab] took his eldest son that would have reigned in his stead and offered him for a burnt offering on the wall" (2 Kings, iii. 27). Indeed, writers of the school of Coulanges—e.g., the late Prof. Hearn in his admirable *Aryan Household*—regard this sanctity of the first-born as explaining his right as legitimate successor to the office of house-priest, and to the possessions that went with that office. Dr. Neubauer also applies the same reasoning towards the end of his letter to explain primogeniture, so that, in his view, the sanctity of the first-born explains both the right of succession of the second son and the primogeniture of the eldest. One naturally distrusts a theory that can blow hot and cold in this way; and, besides, there is absolutely no evidence, so far as I know, of any system of inheritance in which the birthright goes with the second son, as Dr. Neubauer's theory postulates.

On the other hand, evidence is everyday accumulating of the wide-spread and great

antiquity of the custom of junior right, which I assume to have existed in early Israel before any sanctity of the first-born had come into existence. I am not particularly concerned to explain how the custom arose, though I have had my guess at a solution like others. I believe Dr. B. Nicholson is about to offer a new interpretation in the pages of the *Archaeological Review*. I simply apply the comparative method to explain the anomalies of early Hebrew tradition; and, in doing so, my views have the support of all the facts which students of early civilisation are collecting on the existence of junior right. Dr. Neubauer's proposed amendment on them has no analogy with any system of inheritance known to such inquirers, and must, therefore, I think, be rejected.

In conclusion, I would refer to one or two minor points. "Rebekah and Rachel cannot serve as an argument for junior right," says Dr. Neubauer. Why not? Junior right is found applying to women as well as to men; and the farther we go back in the history of early culture, the more important becomes the position of woman. How otherwise can we explain the fact that it is Rachel, not Leah, who takes charge of the *Teraphim* stolen from Laban? I shall also be curious to learn on what grounds Dr. Neubauer bases his denial that David was the youngest son of Jesse against the distinct assertion of 1 Sam. xvii. 14. Finally, let me express my gratification at finding so eminent an authority as Dr. Neubauer giving even a qualified adhesion to my view on the existence of junior right in early Israel.

JOSEPH JACOBS.

THE LEGEND OF THE OLDEST ANIMALS.

London: Oct. 16, 1888.

Around the great circle in the mosaic floor before the altar at Westminster Abbey portions of an inscription remain which was given entire by Camden as below. The pavement was laid down in 1268 by two artists brought from Rome by Abbot Ware, their names Odericus and Petrus (Scott, *Gleanings from Westminster Abbey*, p. 99).

"Si lector posita prudenter cuncta revolvat
Hic finem primi mobilis invenient.
Sepes trina, canes et equos homines, super addis
Cervos et corvos, aquilas, immanis caete
Mundi quodque sequens pereuntis triplicat aunos
Sphaericus Archetypum globus hic monstrat
microcosmum,
Christi milleno bis centeno duodeno
Cum sexageno subductis quatuor Auno
Tertius Henricus Rex, Urbs, Odericus, et Abbas,
Hos compiegere Porphyreos Lapidem."

This seems almost identical with the list of animals quoted by Mr. Stokes, and their lifetimes would also appear to agree in being the several powers of 3; at least, that gives a result nearer the actual date than any other method would appear to do.

W. R. LETHABY.

Thorhout, Belgium: Oct. 18, 1888.

Mr. Whitley Stokes asks if any of the readers of the ACADEMY can supply any other parallels about the lifetimes of certain animals.

A step of this lifetime ladder was found at Thorhout, in Belgium, in 1881: a dog outlives three towns, the lifetime of a town or inclosure being three years. A collector of dialect words and statements sent it to the publisher of our Flemish dialect periodical, *Loquela*, who, seeking after the other steps of the ladder, found in the Royal Library of Berlin the following book: *Deutsche Sprach und Weisheit*. *Thesaurus linguae et sapientiae Germanicae*, studio Georgii Henischii. (Augustae Vindelicorum, 1616.) It contains, *sub verbo* "Gans," the whole ladder which Dr. Gezel published in *Loquela* (i., No. 5), with many old legends

about every animal. A literal translation follows:

"A town lives three years,
A dog lives three towns,
A horse lives three dogs,
Man lives three horses,
An ass lives three men,
A wild goose lives three asses,
A crow lives three wild geese,
A stag lives three crows,
A raven lives three stags,
And the bird Phenix lives three ravens."

JUL. CLAERHOUT.

Lisbon: Oct. 20, 1888.

I know the following parallels to the "Legend of the Oldest Animals," translated from the *Book of Lismore* by the eminent Celtic scholar, Mr. Whitley Stokes, in the ACADEMY, No. 858, p. 241:

1. Gaelic proverb, published in the ACADEMY, No. 473 by Mr. D. Fitzgerald, who also quotes a Cymric and an Irish parallel.
2. Venetian:

"Tre sivei dura un can,
Tre cani dura un cavalo,
Tre cavai dura un omo,
E tre omeni dura un corvo."

Pasquaglio apud E. Rolland, *Faune populaire*, iv. 140:

3. Portuguese:

"Uma sebe dura tres annos,
Tres sebes um cão,
Tres caes um cavalo,
Tres cavalos um homem,
Tres homens um cervo,
Tres cervos um elephante."

F. ADOLFO COELHO.

Glasgow: Oct. 24, 1888.

The versions of this legend lately published in the ACADEMY (pp. 241-242, and p. 258) are most interesting; but I think it has not hitherto been pointed out that what is probably its oldest extant form is found in the Third Book ("Vana Parva") of the *Mahábhárata*, sect. cxlii., as follows:

"The sons of Pándu and those Rishis then asked Márkandeya: 'Is there anybody that is blessed with a longer life than thou?' And Márkandeya answered them, saying: 'There is, without doubt; a royal sage of the name of Indradyumna. But his virtue having diminished, he fell from heaven, crying: 'My achievements are lost!' And he came to me and asked: 'Dost thou know me?' And I answered him, saying: 'From our anxiety to acquire religious merit, we do not confine ourselves to any home. We live but for a night in the same village or town. A person like us, therefore, cannot possibly know thy pursuits. The fasts and vows we observe render us weak in body and unable to follow any worldly pursuits on our own behalf. Hence, one like us cannot possibly know thee.' He then asked me: 'Is there anyone who is longer lived than thou?' I answered him, saying: 'There liveth on the Himavat an owl of the name of Právárikarna. He is older than I. He may know thee. That part of the Himavat is far from here.' And at this, Indradyumna became a horse and carried me to where that owl lived. And the king asked the owl, saying: 'Dost thou know me?' And the owl seemed to reflect for a moment, and then said unto the king: 'I do not know thee.' And the royal sage Indradyumna thereupon asked the owl: 'Is there anyone who is older than thou?' And, thus asked, the owl answered, saying: 'There is a lake of the name of Indradyumna. In that lake dwelleth a crane of the name of Nádijangha. He is older than we. Ask thou him.' And at this, Indradyumna, taking both myself and the owl, went to that lake where the crane, Nádijangha, dwelt. And that crane was asked by us: 'Dost thou know this king Indradyumna?' And the crane thereupon seemed to reflect a little, and then said: 'I do not know King Indradyumna.' And the crane was asked by us: 'Is there anyone

who is older than thou?' And he answered us, saying: 'There dwelleth in this very lake a tortoise of the name of Akupára. He is older than I. He may know something of this king. Therefore inquire ye of Akupára.' And then that crane gave information to the tortoise, saying: 'It is intended by us to ask thee something. Please come to us.' And, hearing this, the tortoise came out of the lake to that part of the bank where we all were. And as he came there, we all asked him: 'Do you know this king Indradyumna?' And the tortoise reflected for a moment. And his eyes were filled with tears, and his heart was much moved. And he trembled all over, and was nearly deprived of his senses. And he said, with joined hands: 'Alas! do I not know this one? He has planted the sacrificial stake a thousand times at the time of kindling the sacrificial fire. This lake was excavated by the feet of the cows given away by this king unto the Bráhmins, on the completion of the sacrifice. I have lived here ever since.' And, after the tortoise had said all this, there came from the celestial regions a car. And an aerial voice was heard, which said, addressing Indradyumna: 'Come thou, and obtain the place thou deservest in heaven! Thy achievements are great! Come thou cheerfully to thy place!' ***

In the Persian *Sindibád Náma*, a wolf, a fox, and a camel, travelling together, find a pumpkin, and agree that it should belong to the oldest of the three. The wolf says that he was born before the creation of heaven and earth; the fox caps this by asserting that he was present at the wolf's birth; the camel snaps up the pumpkin, and then remarks that it is very evident, from his splendid neck and haunches, that he wasn't born yesterday. This fable, as I have pointed out in my *Popular Tales and Fictions* (Blackwood), appears to be a transition form of the Hindu Legend of the Oldest Animals, and the source, direct or indirect, of the story of Jesus, Peter, and Jehuda and the roasted goose, which they agree to "dream" for, found in the version of the *Toldoth Jeshu*, published, with a Latin translation and copious notes, by Huldrico, at Leyden, in 1705; which is adapted by Peter Alfonso in his *Disciplina Clericalis* (with a loaf in place of the goose), whence it was taken into the *Gesta Romanorum*, whence, again, it got into oral currency among the people, and has long been a "Joe Miller." A Mongolian analogue will be found in the *Folk Lore Journal* for 1886, vol. iv., p. 29.

The only thing resembling the Legend of the Oldest Animals with which I am acquainted in Norse popular fictions is a story in Sir G. W. Dasent's *Tales from the Fjeld*, where a traveller comes to a house and asks for a night's lodging, and is referred by son to father successively until he comes to the head of the house, the oldest of seven old men and a five-fold grandfather, who had shrunk to the bulk of a baby, and was literally laid on a shelf! A story well known among ourselves, and localised in different parts of the kingdom. The sending of an inquirer to another who is older, and so on, is a very common incident in popular tales, Asiatic as well as European.

W. A. CLOUSTON.

THE CLIFF OF THE DEAD AMONG TEUTONS.

Christ Church, Oxford: Oct. 21, 1888.

May I be allowed to correct one or two misprints in my letter of last week? The reference in the *Odyssey* is xxiv. 11. In the *Judith* passage "beurnden" should be "bewunden," "sefir" should be "seftir." In the passage from *Woluspá* "sáres" and "onna" stand for "sá-es" and "orma," "neowol" is of course

* Mr. Protap Chandra Roy's translation of the *Mahábhárata*, now in course of issue at Calcutta. *Fasciculus xix.*, pp. 603, 604.

† It does not, I think, occur in the version at the end of vol. ii. of Wagenseil's *Tela Ignea Satanae*.

the word equated with "niól," "Breda" stands for "Bæda."

I would also add that the occurrence of *neowol nes* as a translation of *abyssus* or *barathrum* must be explained as a case of giving a familiar heathen term for a new ecclesiastical one; and that, though I am aware of the use of *cernuus* and *pronus* as translations of *neowol*, I regard them as secondary meanings, and the poetic use, which, I think, may be taken as "dark" in every place, as the older and truer. But whether "dark" or "steep" be the original meaning, it will not affect my main contention that *neowol nes* was the Old-English equivalent of the Polynesian Spirits' Rock.

I should hope for confirmation from local names of western headlands. It is to be noticed that, like Leucas, the Polynesian Spirits' Rocks face the west.

F. YORK POWELL.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Oct. 29, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Muscles of the Human Body," III., by Prof. J. Marshall.

TUESDAY, Nov. 1, 8 p.m. Linnean: "The Flora of the Botanical Regions of Madagascar," by the Rev. Richard Baron; "Further Contributions to the Flora of Madagascar, being Descriptions of New Species from that Island," by Mr. J. G. Baker; Exhibitions by the President and others.

8 p.m. Chemical: "The Constitution of the Terpenes and of Benzene," by Dr. W. A. Tilden.

FRIDAY, Nov. 2, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Muscles of the H. man Body," IV., by Prof. J. Marshall.

8 p.m. Philological: "English Words from Mexican Sources," and "Some English Etymologies," by Prof. Skeat.

8 p.m. Geologists' Association: Conversazione.

SCIENCE.

The Building of the British Isles: a Study in Geographical Evolution. By A. J. Jukes-Browne. (Bell.)

Any attempt to recall the physical features of a given area at remote periods of geological history must needs be surrounded with grave difficulties. Nevertheless, Mr. Jukes-Browne has had the courage to attack the subject, and the sagacity to attack it with a fair measure of success. Clear in his apprehension of those principles which alone can guide the geologist in any effort at geographical reconstruction, he has applied these principles with singular intelligence, and has thus produced a thoughtful and suggestive volume, which will compare favourably with any work of kindred character.

By means of a series of fifteen sketch-maps, the author illustrates, in a simple yet effective manner, the hypothetical distribution of land and water at successive stages in the building of the British Isles. In the construction of such maps there is, of course, room for much divergence of opinion, and even for the play of fancy. In many cases the data at command are tantalizingly scanty and imperfect, and admit of such latitude of interpretation that probably no two geologists, even if agreed generally on the position of any ancient masses of land, would assign to them identical boundaries. Where so much is of necessity mere inference and even guess-work, criticism becomes an easy matter. It is, however, a pleasure to admit that Mr. Jukes-Browne has generally made the best of the materials at his disposal; and that his deductions bear the mark of sound judgment—the outcome of a patient and comprehensive study of the subject in the field as well as in the library.

It is obvious that, in a series of geographi-

cal restorations, the successive maps will not possess equal value. Just as the light of day, in striving to penetrate the waters of some deep sea, becomes gradually feebler as it descends, until at last the rays fail to pierce the depths, so the illumination of the geologist becomes fainter and fainter as he delves down in the stratigraphical series, until at length he is left to grope his way in the obscurity of mere conjecture. The farther he recedes in geological time the more meagre is his knowledge of the ancient geography, so that the older maps of the series are naturally less trustworthy than the newer. If, therefore, we desire to place before the reader a sample of Mr. Jukes-Browne's work we shall do well to select our specimen from his later rather than from his earlier chapters.

As the Cretaceous rocks are those among which the author's labours have chiefly lain, we listen with peculiar attention to what he may have to say regarding the British area in Cretaceous times. At the beginning of this period the greater part of the region was dry land, the palaeozoic rocks forming hilly ground in the north and west, while the midland tracts were occupied by Secondary strata freshly emerged from the Jurassic sea. In the south-eastern corner of Cretaceous Britain, the freshwater deposits of the Wealden series—rich in river-borne spoils from the surrounding land—were in course of formation. The author, following Mr. C. J. A. Meijer, argues in favour of the lacustrine origin of those deposits; and this view may, perhaps, be reconciled with the popular Mantellian hypothesis of their deltaic nature, since the great Wealden river, or rivers, may have flowed into a vast lake and not directly into the sea—the delta being thus lacustrine rather than marine.

While fresh-water deposits were being formed in the British area, marine formations were in course of deposition in France and Germany. The Neocomian sea of France gradually advanced towards the Wealden lake, which it finally converted into a gulf. Here were thrown down those marine muds which now form the Atherfield clay, or the lower part of what Mr. Jukes-Browne has termed the Vectian series—a name reminding us of their development in the Isle of Wight. At the same time the Neocomian sea of Germany threw out an arm covering part of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, wherein the Speeton clay was in course of deposition. Ultimately the sea breached the barrier, separating the Northern and the Southern waters, which thus became united by a channel, stretching across Eastern England; and, in the shallow waters of this channel the Vectian sands were in due course accumulated. Gradually the area of this sea extended and its depth increased, while its floor received those muddy deposits which have subsequently formed the Gault. Still spreading farther and farther to the west, the Cretaceous sea reached the high land of Dartmoor and the borders of Wales, though the Pennine chain probably remained above water until the period of the Middle Chalk. As the sea extended westwards sandy deposits were thrown down in its shallow waters, and thus the Upper Greensand would be deposited near the margin, while true chalk was being elaborated in the deeper parts. In steering

us across the old chalk sea, the ancient mariner can point to but few tracts of land. A small area occupied the position of the present Snowdonian range, and in Scotland the Central Highlands formed another island, while Ireland was either entirely submerged or reduced to an archipelago of small isles. Although believing that the chalk represents a true oceanic deposit, roughly resembling the Atlantic ooze, Mr. Jukes-Browne is careful to point out wherein it differs from the modern ooze, and to suggest how the difference may possibly be explained.

In closing this interesting volume it is well to note that the building of Britain has not been a matter of continuous and direct development. We are not called upon to recognise the germ of Britain in some ancient island which in the course of ages has been undergoing uninterrupted expansion. If the maps sketched by Mr. Jukes-Browne be placed side by side, so as to form a continuous series, the nature of the evolution is brought vividly before the eye. We then realise the fact that the geological growth of Britain has been spasmodic rather than continuous; that there have been long pauses in the work of construction, and that many courses of masonry once laid down have been sadly mutilated, even if not swept entirely away. If we recognise the development of land at one time, we have to admit the encroachment of the sea at another; at one period the area has been depressed and loaded with sedimentary accretions, only to be followed in due course by upheaval and a sweeping devastation of the land—in fine, the British area has undergone throughout geological time a curious succession of irregular ups and downs, which have left their mark upon the present contours of the land, to be read and interpreted by the student of geographical evolution.

F. W. RUDLER.

THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE forty-sixth session of the Philological Society—which holds two meetings at University College in every month from November to June—will begin on Friday next, November 2, when Prof. Skeat will read two papers on "English Words from Mexican Sources" and "Some English Etymologies." The president for the year, the Rev. Dr. R. Morris, proposes to deliver an address on "Pāli Miscellanies," at the anniversary meeting in May. Among other papers promised for the coming session, we may mention—"Loan-Words in Latin," by Mr. E. R. Wharton; "The Names *Jah* and *Jahreh*," by Mr. Th. G. Pinches; "An Attempt to explain some Peculiarities of Modern Russian by Comparison with its Earlier Forms and with other Slavonic Languages," by Mr. W. R. Morfill; "A Recent Edition of the Passions and Homilies in the *Lebar Brecc*," by Mr. Whitley Stokes; "The Chinese *Kawen*," by Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie; "Report of my Dialect Work," by Mr. A. J. Ellis; "A Dictionary Evening," by Mr. H. Bradley; and "A Dictionary Sub-Editor's Work," by Mr. E. L. Brandreth. We may add that the subscription is one guinea a year; and that the hon. secretary is Dr. F. J. Furnivall, 3 St. George's Square, N.W.

PART I. of the *Transactions* of the Philological Society for 1888-90 have just been published (Trübner), in a volume of about 140 pages. Eight papers read before the society during its last session are here printed in full. These in-

clude the biennial address of the president (Prof. Sayce) on "The Extinct Languages of Western Asia, the Decipherment of the Cuneiform Inscriptions, and the bearing of it on Comparative Philology"; Mr. A. J. Ellis's elaborate paper on "The Conditions of a Universal Language," with special reference to a report of the American Philosophical Society condemning Volapük, the main conclusions of which have already been printed in the ACADEMY (August 18); two papers by Prof. Skeat—(1) "Notes on English Etymology," in which (*inter alia*) he resolves the suffix in "flotsam" and "jetsam" into *-ionem*, the equivalent of Latin *-ationem*, and explains "to go to pot" from the cooking not the melting pot; and (2) an amplified list of English words found in Anglo-French, with references, filling sixteen pages of double columns. Mr. Whitley Stokes writes on "S-Stems in the Celtic Languages"; and Dr. J. A. H. Murray on the words "Beetle-browed" and "Behaviour." But perhaps the most valuable article is that by Mr. E. R. Wharton, the author of *Etyma Graeca*, on "The Vocalic Laws of Latin." He here lays down a number of empirical laws for the interchange of vowels in Latin and the cognate dialects, which will revolutionise much of the received etymology. These laws are considered under four headings: (1) Inter-mixture of dialects, which had most influence with the long vowels, and still more with the diphthongs; (2) accent = stress-accent, and tone = pitch-accent, which had most influence with the short vowels; (3) adjoining letters, or the dislike to certain apparently harmless combinations, such as *e* before *nc* and *lc*; and (4) analogy. He points out that the Roman classical dialect modified all the original diphthongs except *au*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE INVENTOR OF VOLAPÜK NOT DEAD.

London: Oct. 22, 1888.

The following translated extract from Herr Johann Martin Schleyer's *Volapük* Central Journal of Volapük, just received, will show the incorrectness of the report of his death. Schleyer's journal is usually published a fortnight in advance. November 1888, No. 95, Article 1398.

"It is said that he would live long who had been falsely reported dead. According to this, I ought to live long, as it has been lately reported in several journals that I was dead. Thank God, I am still alive! It is true that I was very ill in the beginning of September, and received the last sacraments. But I have recovered my health by means of the excellent baths of Swiss Baden [fourteen miles north of Zürich] in the house of Mr. Borsinger. I thank all the friends who have written and telegraphed their condolences to us at Constance. I have seen afresh that I have very many friends who are much attached to me. D. V. [that is *Datuvol Volapük*, or inventor of the world-language. The whole paragraph was originally written in Volapük]."

ALEX. J. ELLIS.

[The Paris correspondent of the *Times*, telegraphing on October 23, says: "M. Schleyer, the inventor of Volapük, whose death had been prematurely announced, expired on Friday at Constance."—ED. ACADEMY.]

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE annual meeting of the London Mathematical Society will be held on November 8, when the following list of persons proposed to constitute the new council will be submitted to the society: president, J. T. Walker; vice-presidents, Sir J. Cockle, E. B. Elliott, and Prof. Greenhill; other members are, Messrs. Bosset, Hammond, Hart, Leudesdorf, S.

Roberts, Capt. P. A. Macmahon, and Drs. Glaisher, Larmor, and Routh. The treasurer, A. B. Kempe, and the hon. secretaries, M. Jenkins and R. Tucker, offer themselves for re-election. The two (obligatory) vacancies were caused by the lamented death of Arthur Buchheim and the retirement of Lord Rayleigh.

THE new session of the Geologists' Association—of which Mr. F. W. Rudler is president—will be opened by a conversazione in the library of University College on Friday next, November 2, at 8 p.m. The anniversary address of the president will not be delivered till the annual general meeting, in February.

MR. SAMUEL H. SCUDDER, of Cambridge, U.S., has now ready for publication the monograph upon the butterflies of New England, to which he has devoted the greater part of his life. Every species is described and discussed, including not only the perfect form, but (wherever possible) the egg, the caterpillar at birth and in succeeding stages, and the chrysalis; together with the distribution, life-history, habits, and environments of the insect. The nomenclature follows the rules of the American Ornithologists' Union. An introduction treats of the general structure of butterflies in the different stages of their existence and the nature of their metamorphoses, including a chapter on classification. More than seventy excursions—some of which are contributed by other specialists—discuss separately all the interesting problems which arise in the study of butterflies; whether of distribution, structure, history, or relation to the outer world. Finally, the work will be illustrated by no less than ninety-six plates, of which at least forty will be coloured in the finest style of chromolithography. Of these plates thirty-three will be devoted to structural details in all stages of life, and nineteen will be maps illustrating geographical distribution. The mode of publication—which will be in a limited edition—will be either in monthly parts at five dollars, or in three volumes at fifty dollars. Each monthly part will consist of about 144 pages of text, imperial octavo, with eight plates. The first will be ready for issue to subscribers in November. The full title of the work, we may add, is "The Butterflies of the Eastern United States and Canada, with special reference to New England."

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

AT a recent meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions, a letter was read from M. Maurice Holleaux, a former member of the French School of Athens, who is now in Boeotia on an archaeological mission from the French government. Writing on September 4 from the convent of Pelagia, he claims to have found, in the wall of an old church, a marble stele inscribed with the full text of the speech delivered by Nero at the Isthmian games, when he restored freedom to the Greeks. The speech, says M. Holleaux, is very short, and composed in a strange style, at once emphatic and fanciful. As M. Boissier pointed out to the Académie, this is not the only document we possess giving the actual words of a Roman emperor. There is also the so-called Testamentum of Ancyra, or will of Augustus; and we have no reason to doubt that the well-known inscription at Lyons was written by Claudius himself, especially as the strange style corresponds with that in a letter of Claudius found near Trent.

THE number of the *Proceedings* of the Society of Biblical Archaeology for the closing meeting of last session (Vol. x., No. 8) will be issued within the next few days. It will contain no less than fifteen communications,

many of them illustrated with plates. The following is a list: "Les Actes coptes du Martyre de St. Polycarpe," by Prof. E. Amélineau; "Some Unpublished Cuneiform Syllabaries, with respect to Prayers and Incantations, written in Interlinear Form" by Dr. C. Bezold; "Iranian Names among the Hetta-Hatté" and "New Readings of the Hieroglyphs from Northern Syria," by Rev. C. J. Ball; "The Ward Seb or Keb," by Brugsch-Bey; "Account of the Manner in which Two Colossal Statues of Rameses II. at Memphis were raised," by Major Arthur H. Bagnold; "A Contribution to Exodus Geography," by Prof. Max Müller; "An Assyrian Religious Text," by Mr. B. T. A. Everts; "Egyptian and Basque Marriage Contracts," by Miss Simcox; "Babylonian Tablets from Tel el Amarna," by Prof. A. H. Sayce; "A Babylonian Tablet" by Mr. T. G. Pinches; "Textes Egyptiens inédits," by Mr. Karl Piel; "Cuneiform Despatches from Tushratta, King of Mitanni, Burbariyyash, the Son of Kuri-Galzu, and the King of Alashiya to Amenophis III., King of Egypt," "The Cuneiform Tablets from Tel el Amarna," and "A Babylonian Weight with a Trilingual Inscription," by Mr. E. A. Wallis Budge; "An Egyptian Ornament of Ivory in the British Museum," by Mr. W. H. Rylands.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CLIFFON SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.—(Saturday, Oct. 6.)

Dr. J. E. SHAW in the chair.—At this meeting, the first of the fourteenth session, Mrs. C. I. Spencer, the out-going President, in an address on "Shakspere's Treatment of Female Character," said it would manifestly be unfair to take all the utterances of his characters about women in general for Shakspere's own opinions. Yet it is possible to gather from the portraiture of his heroines, and from the plays generally, what he thought women were or might be. It is common among writers, however much they differentiate the characters of men, to find that there is a tendency to consider women *en masse*. It is to a certain extent true that, owing to external influences, there is a greater diversity of male than of female character; yet there is no justification for casting all bad women in one mould, or for making all good women extremely insipid. Shakspere makes all his good women thoroughly interesting. They are never like one another, yet the complexity of each character is no less remarkable than its individuality. Their different qualities are so blended that we are affected by them as we should be by real people, and do not think of the poet, or "maker," behind them. Mrs. Spencer then reviewed, with close and eloquent detail, many of the characteristics of Shakspere's chief women, and went on to say that he evidently believed in clever women, for some of his most charming characters are highly intellectual. It is clear that a clever, highly educated woman was not, in Shakspere's eyes, necessarily ill-favoured, ungraceful, or masculine; nor less likely than her duller sisters to make a loving wife or good housekeeper. Witty women, too, he gives us, who are as far as possible from being hard or unpleasant. It is very remarkable how many of Shakspere's heroines are motherless girls. It seems as if he had never strongly realised the possible beauty of the relationship between mother and daughter, for he has never done justice to it: the daughter idolising her mother as her model of all that is good and lively in womanhood; and the mother living again in her daughter's fresh young life, and rejoicing to mark in her child those noble qualities which drew forth her esteem and love for her child's father. It is a thousand pities not to have such a picture from the great master's hand, which has almost covered the whole ground of human relationships. Of the bond between father and daughter he had experience, and he has treated it very finely. Shakspere believed greatly in love at first sight, which was able to last. He thought there was such a thing as a law of affinity, in mind as

well as in matter, though, nowadays, it is rather the fashion to make fun of it. With him, too, "love must still be lord of all," and "all the world" must "make way for two lovers." No matter what bars the way—parents' plans, family feuds, disparity of rank, difference of religion, conventional propriety, and even sometimes feminine delicacy—all must go down that love may triumph. He has given us every variety of the tender passion. We do rather revolt from the way in which some of Shakspere's maidens pursue their reluctant lovers. It is contrary to our ideas of female delicacy, nor does it seem calculated to succeed. Marital jealousy, which is wholly mistaken in its foul suspicions, is the motive of three of Shakspere's grandest plays; but what variety we have in the character, both of the husbands and wives, whose happiness is thus wrecked! Shakspere has given us some beautiful pictures of enthusiastic girl friendships; and in his plays there are many instances of true and magnanimous affection between women, without any of that jealousy and rivalry which are so often ascribed to them. A striking point in Shakspere's delineation of female character is the religiousness of his best women. Not only is this expressed in words but we have incidental notices as regards others, of that deep unseen root from which their beauty of character grew. It has been said with great truth that we women of England owe a large debt of gratitude to our great dramatist, in that he has helped more than any other influence, save that of Christianity itself, to secure for us the position we enjoy to-day.—Mr. W. C. H. Cross was elected president for this session, when the following plays are to be considered: "As You Like It," "A Woman Killed with Kindness," "Twelfth Night," "Julius Caesar," "A Yorkshire Tragedy," "Hamlet," and "The Silent Woman." The hon. sec. (9 Gordon Road, Clifton, Bristol) will be grateful for any additions which persons will make to the society's library, which now consists of 347 volumes.

NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.—(Friday, Oct. 19.)

DR. F. J. FURNIVALL in the chair.—Mr. Thomas Tyler read a paper on "Shakspere Idolatry." The study of Shakspere should be pursued in accordance with the general method of science. Facts must be carefully observed with the view of ascertaining their causes. To the science of Shakspere, Shakspere idolatry stood contrasted. Idolatry was not merely the reverencing of the false, but even of the true, when, to a considerable extent, mingled with the false. The first occurrence, probably, of the word "Idolatry," with reference to Shakspere, was found in Ben Jonson's *Timber*; or, Discoveries made upon Men and Matter. Jonson blamed certain alleged idolaters of his time who imputed it as an excellence to Shakspere that he allowed whatever he wrote to stand, never blotting out a single line. To whom Jonson replied: "Would he had blotted a thousand!" The subject at issue was the composition of the plays, with regard to which Jonson speaks of Shakspere's "excellent phantasy," "brave notions," and free-flowing "gentle expressions." If there had been no other evidence, the testimony of Jonson would have been sufficient to prove the folly of the Baconians. Jonson was, he says, determined to let posterity know the truth about Shakspere; and yet we are to believe that long after Bacon's death he kept secret the amazing fact that Shakspere composed none of the plays! Jonson was writing, too, under the influence of something of jealousy. The Baconian delusion derived support from the fallacies of the Shakspere idolators. Perhaps the first place among the idolators should be assigned to Mr. Matthew Arnold for his sonnet on Shakspere, in which he describes the poet as dwelling in "the heaven of heavens," and, when questioned, smiling and giving no answer. Mr. Arnold's idea seemed to be that Shakspere was a special incarnation of Deity, or, perhaps, like the Epicurean deities of whom Lucretius tells, whose tranquillity no sound of human sorrow ever marred. Mr. Arnold's sonnet contained, amid grandiose nonsense, some grains of truth. However comprehensive Shakspere's genius, he was still a man, an erring man. Shakspere fallacies originated to no small extent from selecting particular plays or particular characters, and constructing

therefrom the special Shakspere idol desired. It was most important that Shakspere's plays and poems should be regarded with reference to their chronology. With regard to what Shakspere thought we have a fixed point in the Sonnets. These poems would be very important, if they were mere exercises in verse; but their importance became very much greater when, according to the more just view, they were looked upon as concerned with actual facts. The Sonnets related chiefly to about three years of the poet's life; but this period was exceedingly important, as a little preceding the appearance of "Hamlet," "Lear," and other of the poet's noblest works. To ascertain what Shakspere really thought, the plays should be viewed as far as possible in relation to the Sonnets. This, scientific method required. Reference was then made to Prof. Dowden's article on "Shakspere's Wisdom of Life" in the September *Fortnightly*. Prof. Dowden was a scholar of high distinction, to whom was due an unstinted meed of praise for work which he had previously done in relation to Shakspere. Any opinion of his was entitled to most respectful consideration, even though we might feel constrained to differ. According to Prof. Dowden, Shakspere's mind was so perfectly balanced that no single idea or tendency could ever acquire undue influence. He was calmed and satisfied by the wide vision of life open to his view. Such opinions were not in harmony with many places in the Sonnets, as 147, where Shakspere describes his thoughts and discourse as being like those of madmen. Prof. Dowden speaks of the Sonnets as autobiographical indeed, but as merely recording an extravagant idealism with respect to friendship. But the facts, so far as they had been disclosed by recent investigations, pointed to very different conclusions. The story of Shakspere's friendship with William Herbert, and the entanglement between Herbert, Shakspere, and Shakspere's mistress, who, there was strong reason to believe, was Mrs. Mary Fitton, revealed much that was worldly and sensual. To exhibit Shakspere's philosophy of the world, Prof. Dowden called in evidence the conclusion of "Lear," saying that the cause of righteousness was seen to be triumphant, when the supreme power passed from the malicious grip of Goneril and Regan into the gentle hands of Albany. This supposed triumph of righteousness was inconsistent with the facts. As shown by several allusions, Albany was a man of weak character. When the supreme power came into his hands, he at once wanted to get rid of it, first trying to transfer it to the demented Lear, and, when Lear was dead, to Kent and Edgar, so that he might, in accordance with his character, devote his attention to the "general woe." Kent, however, declined, and Edgar (Folio) makes an apology for Albany as, on account of his disturbed feelings, saying "not what he ought to say." Who was to bear rule was uncertain—there was no indication of the triumph of righteousness. An inference, to a certain extent similar, was to be drawn from the conclusion of "Hamlet," where the supreme power is to pass into the hands of the unscrupulous Fortinbras. The success of Fortinbras was in accordance with the soliloquy (Act i., sc. 2), which speaks of the world as "an unweeded garden," where "things rank and gross" dominate. The case of "Macbeth" was not equally clear, where the new king is Malcolm; but Malcolm's catalogue of vices latent in himself, together with other particulars in the same scene (Act iv., Sc. 3), including the assertion that Macbeth was once beloved and thought honest, should be compared with what is said in "Hamlet" (Act ii., sc. 2) of mankind being like putrid carrion, swarming with maggots, when kissed by the sun. It was not wonderful that Prof. Dowden considered "Troilus and Cressida" a "stange and perplexing play." In this play Shakspere came near to Swift. The approach was very close when, at Glubbdubdrib, Gulliver found that "the world had been misled by prostitute writers to ascribe the greatest exploits in war to cowards, the wisest counsel to fools, sincerity to flatterers," &c. "Troilus and Cressida" became intelligible when placed in relation to the Sonnets (86 a.). Shakspere had felt aggrieved at Herbert's patronage of George Chapman and "the proud full sail of his great verse," the swelling metre of his translation of the *Iliad*. This accounted for the ridicule cast on the heroes of the Trojan war; and, with respect to the

satire on human nature in the play, we must look also to the Sonnets, and to the mention therein of a scandal, the precise nature of which is now unknown, but from which Shakspere suffered severely, so that he felt as if his forehead had been branded (112), and gave utterance to the unwholesome sentiment, "'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteem'd" (121). The date of "Troilus and Cressida," according to the Stationers' Register, was entirely in accordance with this view. That Shakspere regarded the world as without aim and purpose need not be asserted, but that he recognised in the world a moral order was doubtful on the evidence of the great tragedies. There was reason to believe that Shakspere, with that honest, free, and open nature, of which Ben Jonson spoke, would have preferred that the truth about him should be told, rather than such praise and adulation as would raise him above the sympathy of his fellows.

FINE ART.

INSCRIPTIONS AT MITYLENE OF THE FIRST CENTURY.

Rom und Mytilene. Probevorlesung über Tiberius und Tacitus. Von Dr. Conrad Cichorius. (Leipzig: Teubner.)

THIS little work of sixty-six octavo pages forms a pendant to the nearly simultaneous publication of Dr. Rubensohn (reviewed by the present writer in the forthcoming number of the American *Journal of Philology*), *Crinagoras Mytilenae Epigrammata* (Berlin: Mayer & Müller). The chief centre of interest in Dr. Cichorius's volume is Crinagoras, the Lesbian poet, whose epigrams, fifty-one in number, have been brought together from the different books of the Greek Anthology in which they are preserved, and published with a Latin commentary, historical introduction, and new, as well as more correct, critical data on the Heidelberg Codex, by Rubensohn. Neither work is complete without the other; combined, they enable us to put together a personal history of considerable interest for the epoch of Augustus and Tiberius. In ability Dr. Cichorius has greatly the advantage over his brother worker. He is a researcher in the fullest and truest sense of the word; a discoverer and interpreter of Mitylenean inscriptions; and a critic whose sagacity and soundness of judgment already stamp him as one of the most promising of the philologists of Germany.

With the permission of Phagri Bey, governor of Lesbos, Cichorius, in 1887, made an examination of the Turkish fortress of Mitylene, and discovered there a fragmentary inscription recording the renewal of alliance between Rome and Mitylene, and the names of the Mitylenean ambassadors. Among them occur Crinagoras, son of Callippus, and Potamon, son of Lesbonax. The two names are found again in another equally fragmentary inscription which Cichorius discovered on the same spot. These two documents he combines with two other inscriptions discovered shortly before by Fabricius. All four are given at length with conjectural supplements, and the reasons which justify and explain them. From these he elicits the following general result. The Mityleneans sent an embassy to solicit a renewal of alliance with Rome in 725. By a decree of the senate this was granted in 726, and the envoys returned to Mitylene. In 727 a second embassy was sent to convey a vote of honour

and a golden wreath to Augustus, and to express the thanks of the Mityleneans to the senate, the vestal virgins, and the wife and sister of Augustus. Augustus was then in Spain, and the envoys proceeded thither from Rome, finding him, it would seem, at Tarraco. He sent later a letter of acknowledgment, part of which is contained in the second inscription found by Cichorius.

It must be for historians to test these results, which, though they seem highly probable, rest no doubt on rather uncertain evidence. But what is beyond any doubt is the critical acumen with which these Lesbian researches are worked into connexion with the poems of Crinagoras. Thus it is shown (1) that several of the names in the epigrams are Lesbian—e.g., Prote, Eunikos, Simon, Dies. Few will probably be disposed any longer to doubt the correctness of the emendation $\Delta\eta\gamma\delta\eta\kappa\alpha\tau\omega$ in Ep. xviii. 5, Rubensohn :

παῦλος γάρ δν τύμβῳ δίης ὑπεθήκατε βάλον,

when he finds the name Dies, son of Matr[okles], among the envoys mentioned in the inscriptions; and this conjecture, virtually made long ago by Grotius, who detected a proper name in $\delta\eta\gamma\delta\eta$, receives new corroboration from the strikingly parallel verse itself in a Mitylenean inscription

τὴν κύνα Λεσβιακῆς βάλον ὑπεθήκατο βάλον,

quoted by Kaibel. Rubensohn is here sadly in fault; rejecting Grotius's conjecture, he prints Herwerden's $\delta\eta\gamma\delta\eta$. (2) The position of Mitylene, washed on three sides by the sea, and the frequency of earthquakes there and in the neighbouring islands and sea coast, are most happily worked into the illustration of two of the epigrams. In the first of these (30 R.) a poor woman, while washing on the shore, is surprised by the sea and drowned—a scene which might happen at the present time. Day after day the Mitylenean women may still be seen kneeling on the shore or the rocks as they wash. The other (14 R.) gives expression to the poet's prayer addressed to Earthquake as a power

Πριγγλή πάντως ἔνοσι χθονός,

to save his newly-built dwelling. Less convincing, I think, is the attempt to explain the commiserating tone of the epigram on the newly-planted colony of freedmen sent by Augustus to Corinth (32 R.) from the upstart pride of wealth amassed by selling the $\nu\kappa\rho\kappa\eta\theta\eta\theta\alpha$.

The relations of Crinagoras to the family of Augustus, especially to Octavia and her children, will interest every student of Augustan literature. Especially for the sidelights they throw on Tibullus, Propertius, and even Horace, the two monographs are worth more than might be supposed from their unassuming size and form.

ROBINSON ELLIS.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

SOME further paintings by Constable—coming direct from the Constable family—have, within the last week or so, been added to the representation of this artist in the National Gallery. One of them—and no doubt the most memorable—is that of the Cenotaph at Coleorton. When it is remembered that these works are

added to a group already containing not only the "Cornfield" and the other earlier possessions of the gallery, but likewise Mr. Henry Vaughan's most important gift of "The Hay Wain"—which made such a sensation in Paris more than sixty years ago—the admirers of Constable can hardly feel that the representation of his art is incomplete on any of its sides.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS will lecture on October 25 at Burton-on-Trent for the Natural History and Archaeological Society of the town, and on October 30 at the Bowden Literary and Scientific Club, on "The Social and Political Position of Woman in Ancient Egypt." Her lecture to be delivered at the Birmingham Institute, on October 29, is entitled "Egypt the Birthplace of Greek Art."

MR. WALTER CRANE's new coloured picture-book will be published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. early next month, under the title of *Flora's Feast: a Masque of Flowers*.

NEXT week there will open the exhibition of the Nineteenth Century Art Society, at the Conduit Street Galleries; and also an exhibition of cabinet pictures at McLean's, in the Haymarket. We may further mention that Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co. have on view, in the Goupil Gallery, New Bond Street, a collection of paintings of the Barbizon school, including an important work of Troyon.

THERE are interesting notes in the *Courrier de l'Art* (October 19), by M. C. de Fabrizy, respecting the famous bust of Mantegna over his tomb at Mantua (commonly ascribed to Sperandio), and a unique medal in the Berlin Museum signed "Opus Sperandei," which, Dr. J. Friedlaender thinks, is a portrait of the painter Baldassare Estense. M. de Fabrizy gives good reasons for supposing that the bust is not the work of Sperandio, but of Bartolomeo di Virgilio Meglioli, the Mantuan medallist. It seems to be certain that the face on the medal at Berlin is that of Tito Strozzi, but there are doubts whether the medal itself is not a forgery.

THE current number of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* (David Nutt) contains a paper on "Indo-Scythian Coin-Legends," by Dr. E. W. West. Its purport is to corroborate Dr. Aurel Stein's reading of the character β as β from Pahlavi sources, in reply to doubts expressed by Sir A. Cunningham in a previous number. There is also an article by Mr. H. H. Howorth, suggesting that Sabako or Shabak of Manetho may be identical with the great conqueror Egyptian Pianchi, who is not named by Manetho.

THE remaining work in sculpture of Mr. Henry S. Leifchild is on view and on sale, we understand, at 13, Kirkstall Road, Streatham Hill. We mention the circumstance because this artist—who died five years ago—was among sculptors one of those whose labours best deserved attention. Mr. Leifchild exhibited a good deal at the Royal Academy; but, doubtless, much of his most charming effort was produced without a thought of its taking a place under the roof of Burlington House. The little show in the suburbs is, therefore, one which we may fairly commend to our readers.

SCOTCH JOTTINGS.

THE Edinburgh Exhibition of Decorative Handiwork, which will open early in November, promises to be a success. The committee have got selections from many of the more important collections in the neighbourhood, and

the loan section will include a number of pieces of historical as well as artistic interest. Tapestry, carved woodwork, cabinets of old Scotch, French, Dutch, Spanish, and Italian make will give the collection an international interest. A section is to be devoted to specimens of old English cabinet work, old sewed work, and fifteenth-century house-fittings. There will also be a large number of examples of hammered work in brass, and several cases of old bindings. The committee propose to publish a memorial volume, dealing with old furniture, illustrated from the finer examples exhibited. The modern portion will exemplify the present position of art handicrafts in Scotland, wood carving, brasswork, bookbinding, &c.

THE Royal Association for Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland have prepared a series of six plates from paintings in the National Gallery, Edinburgh, as their presentation work to subscribers for the current year. They are executed by Mr. W. Hole, who has been busied a good deal of late with the etching-needle, and whose reproductions of various of the French and Dutch paintings in the Edinburgh Exhibition of 1886—especially his fine subjects after Monticelli and Matthew Maris—were eminently successful. The present plates, which are important in scale, are etched with vigour, spirit, and fidelity. They include that "Portrait of the Artist's Mother," by Andrew Geddes, which furnished the subject of one of the painter's own most fascinating dry-points; a transcript of the "Shepherd and Shepherdess examining a Bird's Nest" of Watteau—the smallest but, in *finesse* of handling and in delicacy of infinitely varied colour, the finest of the three works by that master in the Scottish national collection; and a figure from "The Lomellini Family" of Van Dyck, an important example of the painter's Italian period, acquired in the old days, direct from the family, by the Royal Institution of Scotland. The other plates are after Ruysdael, Ewbank, and Sir George Harvey; the last-named painter being represented by his "Dawn revealing the New World to Columbus"—a work now in a ruinous state owing to the ill-chosen technical methods which were employed in its painting.

MR. WALTER ARMSTRONG is now passing through the press the last sheets of *Celebrated Pictures at the Glasgow Exhibition*, illustrated with nearly 100 engravings on steel and wood, after Sir F. Leighton, Sir J. E. Millais, Alma Tadema, J. M. W. Turner, W. Q. Orchardson, E. J. Poynter, Sir J. D. Linton, Hamo Thornycroft, John Pettie, Sir Geo. Harvey, Millet, Maris, and others. There will be a limited large paper edition, with steel plates printed on India paper; also an imperial quarto edition.

MR. T. RAFFLES DAVISON, who has been employed for some months past making sketches at the Glasgow Exhibition, will shortly publish a volume of *Pen and Ink Notes*, with about 150 illustrations and sixteen full-page plates. The Queen has accepted the dedication.

THE November number of the *Scottish Art Review* will have two full-page plates illustrating an article by Prof. Patrick Geddes on Rossetti's "Silence" and Mr. E. Burne Jones's "Wood Nymph." Among the other contents will be "Verses written for Pictures," by Mr. Ernest Radford; "Art in the West of Scotland" (with four illustrations in the text); "The Forthcoming Art Congress at Liverpool," by Mr. W. M. Conway; and "The Niki of Samothrace," by Mrs. Reid. This magazine is now published in London by Mr. Elliot Stock.

THE STAGE.

The French Stage in the Eighteenth Century.
By Frederick Hawkins. (Chapman & Hall.)

The two somewhat bulky volumes with which Mr. Hawkins has presented us on *The French Stage in the Eighteenth Century* must have cost their author infinite labour, and they deal with a subject which is of very great interest—a subject, moreover, of which we in England know strangely little. If Mr. Hawkins's book is not in all respects quite so satisfactory as it might have been when there was given a splendid theme and a well-informed writer interested in it, that is not through any lack of instructive matter in the book, but because of the method which Mr. Hawkins determined to employ.

It has seemed well to him to write a consecutive chronicle, in which the events of the Parisian theatre are set down, one year after another; and so we are led on from the first year of the eighteenth century, when the now forgotten Lafosse had the satisfaction of seeing his new piece, "Thésée," played no less than three-and-twenty times, and when Regnard gave to the company "Démocrate" and "Le Retour imprévu," to the last year, when the Comédie Française was restored, and when Beaumarchais, who had lent his name to the furtherance of the project, passed from the scene. No doubt a good deal is to be said for Mr. Hawkins's purely chronological method; but it gives rise to difficulties in the classification of authors in anything approaching to their proper relative rank, and it probably indisposes the writer to stop at any one moment and take a sufficiently comprehensive view over the whole career of actor, and especially of dramatist. The method, in short, is one that almost makes it impossible for the treatment of the subject to be such as is most pleasing to the critic of literature. The really elaborate essay on the important man gives place, for the most part, to the record of the hundred and one events, many of which may have been great in their own time, but most of which are small to-day. That is our main grumble. The book is not that interesting collection of literary judgments which we had looked for. But it is none the less a valuable compilation. By reason of its capital indexes and tables, it is an extremely serviceable book of reference; and it is, moreover, a book which is easy and pleasant reading, save in the parts in which the treatment of each subject is too brief, and in which the panorama of the stage moves too rapidly along. Its expression of opinion on matters of literature we do not feel called upon often to question. Suffice it to say that pronouncement, more or less authoritative and individual, is made upon nearly every work and nearly every actor and actress of importance who trod the boards which the court patronised and the people loved.

Three men of real distinction, whose work is a part of literature to-day, are afforded, we think, their proper measure of importance. Voltaire, with his "Zire," is discussed with fair fulness; the influence of Beaumarchais upon politics, upon the national life, is duly noted; and Marivaux, who, unlike the others, had never a mission—never contributed by his writing,

which was pure art, to social change or political progress—is discussed as he should be. We are not sure, however, that we follow Mr. Hawkins altogether about him—that we share Mr. Hawkins's opinion that the work of Marivaux is essentially better fitted to the Comédie Italienne, where so much of it was produced, than to the house of more ambitious and more serious effort. Marivaux, at all events, of recent years, has been accepted with pleasure upon the gravest stage of Europe, though it would be quite true if one said that his tenure of the Théâtre Français boards is dependent on the presence of the *grande coquette* who can suitably render him. At the Théâtre Français, in our own and in an earlier generation, the author of "Le Legs," of the "Surprise de l'Amour," of the "Serment indiscret," has been indebted beyond measure to the personal charm and talent of Mme. Arnould-Plessy, who played Marivaux in the Rue Richelieu when she was a girl, and played him there still when she was of an age that it would be ungallant for one moment to guess at.

Glancing idly and contentedly over a book like Mr. Hawkins's, one profits as much, perhaps, by all the little windows that it opens into eighteenth-century life as by the most important facts which it discusses. Fancy a world in which actor and actress were not permitted even to experiment upon the burning question of whether marriage is "a failure," until they had, probably, perjured themselves by promising that they would never again go upon the stage! Fancy Christian burial refused to Adrienne Lecouvreur, a very *sommite* in her profession, a teacher through her art, and a great influence in France! The Church, which should have understood the charm of art, was in unfortunate moments almost as hard on it as was Puritanism, with which art of all kinds, to the end of time, can have nothing to do. The unworthy side of an actor's ways—the intrigue and the advertisement that seem wanting in taste—were as strongly marked as the worthy; were as much in evidence as they are to-day. The *claque*, if it was not organised officially; existed, more or less, we may be sure; and one particular method of advertisement is worth recording here—the receipt may be useful to some unappreciated comedian now languishing among us. A certain actor, engaged at the best reputed playhouse, recognised two facts: the first, that he played badly; and the second, that the public knew it. He subsidised no *claque* to applaud his efforts, but for 500 livres—a modest £20—a year he attached to himself a gentleman of leisure who was to sound his praises discreetly. He was never to celebrate his virtues as a comedian. On the contrary, he was to allow that the performance was not brilliant, but his client, he was to say everywhere, reverently, in *café* and in *pit*, was, more than anyone in the world, "grand connaisseur en pièces de théâtre." And the bad comedian stayed upon the stage, thanks to that other reputation.

We have only tasted, so to say, the flavour of a book which, though not precisely what we were expecting, is a storehouse of humorous anecdote and more or less serviceable fact.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

MR. PETTITT's new drama, with the excellent title, "Hands Across the Sea," will be produced by Miss Hawthorne, at the Princess's Theatre, early in next month, with a cast that is very strong, for a melodrama, since it includes Miss Mary Rorke and Mr. Henry Neville, in addition to several well-known actors already attached to the theatre.

"AS YOU LIKE IT" was the piece chosen by Miss Wallis for the occasion of the opening of the Shaftesbury Theatre, in Shaftesbury Avenue. The house is large enough for spectacle; and, with crowds fairly managed, scenery fairly painted, and costumes designed by Mr. Glindoni, a certain amount of spectacle has been secured. Looking at the playbill, the piece, too, has an air of being strongly cast; but the truth is that more than one actor, who has won the favour of the public in many impersonations, is somehow not happily suited in the present revival. Now, Mr. John Maclean was a much better Adam than Mr. William Farren is, though he cannot, on the whole, be said to be half so distinguished an artist. Mr. Mackintosh is, at the Shaftesbury, Touchstone. He is a clever man, with touches of quaintness; but there are elderly people in the world who still recollect Mr. Compton. The character of Jacques is a little apt to be handed over to the elocutionist, and Mr. Arthur Stirling remembers the fact. He is, however, too good an actor to fail, even in a part that does not seem specially adapted to him. Mr. Forbes Robertson is, at the Shaftesbury, the Orlando. It is true that he is angular from time to time—that he reminds one of the *Primitives* in painting. But he has earnestness, and a measure of romance. The ladies are not, as a rule, actresses of surprising strength. We regret very much the absence of Miss Marion Lea as Audrey—the Audrey of the St. James's revival—though the young actress has now not a bad part at the Court. The Rosalind is, of course, Miss Wallis, and Miss Wallis is an intelligent—more than a very studious—performer. She does not want skill, but she wants poetry. Even Mrs. Kendal—who, among women, is the greatest English artist of her time—wanted poetry as Rosalind. Nobody, perhaps, has actually had it. Certainly not Mrs. Langtry. Perhaps Miss Litton, years ago, and Miss Calhoun, much more recently, came nearest to it. But we suppose the ideal Rosalind—the Rosalind who shall be quite perfect—is as far to seek as the ideal Juliet. The action of the piece throughout nearly the whole of the evening, at the Shaftesbury, was distinctly too deliberate and weighted. We should like to have invited it to "gallop apace." For, assuredly, everyone wanted hurrying on.

MUSIC.

RUSSIAN NATIONAL OPERA.

THE Russian company, whose concerts at the Albert Hall we recently noticed, have taken the Jodrell Theatre, and on Monday evening commenced a series of performances of national operas with Rubinstein's "Demon." The work is not an absolute novelty here, for it was given in 1881 at Covent Garden, under the composer's direction. The poem of Lermontoff, on which the opera is founded, enjoys a high reputation; but the libretto lacks cohesion and character. The Demon is of a very mild order: he is merely a man in fiend's clothing. It would be useless to follow in detail the incidents of the uninteresting plot, or to attempt to describe the music. Rubinstein gives local colour by means of augmented intervals and quaint harmonies and peculiar rhythms. Thus interest is im-